FRESH AS A SEA BREEZE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 31. WEEK ENDING JUNE 5TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

Man never is, but always to be blest.—POPE.

The man who is really happy at any definite moment is a very rare bird; catch him at the height of his jollity and ask him if he is really as happy as he ever expects to be; in most cases—if he answers you truthfully—he will confess that he is not, that he has a visionary ideal of happiness greater even than his present.

You know this is a fact if you have ever looked into your own emotions.

The reason for it and the explanation of it we need not bother about, but we are safe in assuming that it is one of the axioms of human nature.

Our happiness is largely a matter of looking forward, and if you find a man who is unhappy, you are pretty safe to say that he has not much to look forward to.

The object of life, according to all the best philosophers, is the avoidance of pain and the securing of pleasure. Therefore make it your purpose to have not only one but many things to look forward to, for then will you make your life ideally happy. Being happy, you will be healthy, and life will be very sweet.

What does a man work for? A woman of course.

"Until we are built like angels,
With hammer and chisel and pen,
We will work for ourself and a woman,
For ever and ever, Amen!"

There is no getting over it. We may laugh at women when they are Suffragettes or members of the Ladies' Nursing Yeomanry Corps, but each of us has one woman for whom we work.

Sometimes she is actual—our wife or our sweetheart; sometimes she is merely nebulous, a dream or an ideal whom we are looking forward to meeting. But always the woman is the mainspring of masculine endeavour.

In her you have something to look forward to. You work so that you two may one day be united; and working so, you find your labour light.

While the woman is the focus of a man's desires, there are other attractions to which he may well give some consideration—minor objects at which he may aim without in any way detracting from his great motive purpose.

Heading the list must come athletics, whether they be rowing, boxing, Territorial work or anything else.

To have some form of sport in view for the evening, bucks you up during the day and makes your work pleasant and the time pass quickly. Far from spoiling your business qualities, sports are of great assistance.

They occupy a man's evenings and odd times; they supply him with something to look forward to, and they brighten his immediate outlook, while the woman, of course, remains the worshipful idol that flavours his whole existence.

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OLIVER STOKES.

CHEEK.

Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., is suffering from an affection of the throat and has been ordered to take a rest. Messrs. Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald, and Philip Snowden are said to be quite prostrated with grief at the melancholy intelligence.

* * * * * * *

Free, but not, we think, superfluous advice to chorus ladies in search of that notoriety which nowadays spells dramatic fame: Marry someone neither of nor connected with the peerage.

* * * * * * *

The Suffragettes elected a Mrs. Catt as chairwoman of their recent Congress. We always did suspect the Suffragettes of lacking a sense of humour.

* * * * * * *

There was a sensational scene recently in a London County Council tramcar—a conductor said "please" when asking for his fare.

* * * * * * *

The new Shaftesbury Theatre has a "padded pit." It is, of course, for pittites who go mad with enthusiasm over the performance.

* * * * * * *

"Typette" is the latest term for a lady-typist. It is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, and some employers, we understand, in the storm and stress of modern business life omit the "ty."

* * * * * * *

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., is, we hear, at last going to take the oft-repeated advice of his political opponents and go to Jerusalem.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Malcolm Scott, the well-known female impersonator, was recently mistaken by the police for a Suffragette when dressed in stage-costume. Either the police or Mr. Scott's make-up must have been very much at fault, for none would mistake the average Suffragette for a female.

* * * * * * *

Worcester Sauce is not the favourite Relish of the Yorkshire cricketers.

N.B.—Yorks lately suffered their first defeat in the County Championship at the hands of Worcester.

* * * * * * *

There has lately been a Dickins of a row in China (of the old variety).

* * * * * * *

We are incredibly informed that the mysterious airship which flieth by night and has apparently the capacity of being in several different places at one and the same time, is in reality the Army aeroplane, the daylight performances of which are merely intended to hoodwink foreign spies.

* * * * * * *

The readers of a daily paper have been discussing the question whether wives should receive wages for their work as housekeepers. We certainly think they should, provided that they will agree to be subject to a month's notice.

NORMAN FRASER.

AFTER DARK.

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Darkness is one of those blessings which can be shared by the tramp and by the millionaire alike, but, as with all other free gifts, it is generally neglected.

When darkness falls, we get inside and light lamps to keep it away. We are right in doing this, for nothing is more miserable than darkness in a house, unless it be relieved by a flickering fire; but where we err is in not going out into the darkness.

Far from finding it repulsive or depressing, you then begin to feel the magic of it, and, if there is an atom of poetry in you, your soul is lifted for a time out of the humdrum world.

It is a strange thing that the two extremes, brilliant sunshine and intense darkness, should both be capable of giving to objects an added beauty.

A backyard with nothing in it but a few old tins is capable of looking cheerful when the sun plays upon it; so also when night falls, this same backyard is clothed decently, if sombrely, and its crudities do not offend the eye.

But all the world is not a backyard. There are trees and streams and hills, beautiful at all times, glorious in the sunshine, but mystically fascinating after dark.

The man who built my house was sensible enough to put a tower at one corner of it, and I have made a smoking-room of the little apartment at the top.

Often I find myself sitting at the open window, staring out into the darkness not thinking—not observing, for there is little to observe but the stars—and a great peace comes down upon me.

Far away among the trees an owl is hooting, and the sound is stimulating to the imagination, suggestive yet pacifying.

I never court the darkness by going to the room and seeking its peace. These things are like love, to be seized without premeditation or preparation, and not to be sought after if they are to be enjoyed.

I do not invite you to court the peace that a man can feel after dark, but I advise you to lay yourself open to its advances by overcoming the prejudice which is commonly felt for the most beautiful period of the twenty-four hours—night.

It is the time for sport, for the vitality is high; it is the time for merry-making, for the spirits are at their height and the mind is free after the day's labours.

It is also the time when the thinker can forget the trammels of his body and allow his mind to roam.

The love of darkness has been said to be inherent in those whose deeds are dark, but it is also to be found in those who are honest as the day, provided they have a touch of romance lurking somewhere in their natures.

R. FRANKS.

POLO.

A MAN'S GAME.

Some call polo a "king's game," others stigmatise it as "hockey on horseback."

Well, in India, polo is played by kings, or at least by Rajahs, while for the latter view there is the justification that when polo was first introduced into England some forty years ago, hockey sticks were used by the players.

But, "king's game," or "hockey on horseback," polo is a man's game. It is one of the few games left that woman has not yet encroached upon—"encroached" may sound ungallant, but I can't help that—and she is never likely to take to it, for it calls for qualities of horsemanship and physical stamina in which Nature has decreed woman shall not excel.

The polo player must be something more than a horseman. He must be a Centaur, a veritable part of his pony. Then the physical strain of polo is tremendous; the fierce galloping, the sudden turns and twists going at top-speed, even the mere driving of the ball, test not only the player's horsemanship, but his physical powers, to the utmost.

PLUCK.

Then he must have moral stamina also. No man with the faintest suspicion of a "yellow streak" in him ever made a polo player.

In the early days of the game, indeed, a man took his life in his hands every time he cantered on to the polo ground.

These were the days when there were no "places," no combination, no offside rule; the game was a fierce melée, in which players and ponies, charging at the ball from all directions, went down in heaps, sometimes never to rise again.

Even now with the game made highly scientific, and the safety of the player protected as far as possible, there is always the risk of a fatal peck or slip on the pony's part, or of a player losing his head and "crossing," and at almost every turn of the game the player is called upon to harden his heart and look Death between the eyes.

UNSELFISHNESS.

The polo player must be unselfish. A really good No. 1 may well go right through a game without ever attempting to hit the ball, his main duty being to ride off, hustle, and in every possible way embarrass the No. 4 or back of the opposing quartette.

This, perhaps, was truer some years ago than it is now. Just as in Rugby football we now see forwards running, passing, tackling and generally acting as backs in a way undreamt of in the days when their sole duty was to scrum, so nowadays the functions of polo players have become interchangeable.

At one time the polo back was supposed simply to defend his goal and feed his forwards, and he acted solely on the defensive. Nowadays he frequently attacks, No. 3 dropping back to take his place, while you will see No. 1 making a run, while No. 2 hustles the opposing back.

Combination and passing are the essentials of modern polo, but at the same time individual effort has not been destroyed.

A glorious sight it is to see a back pick the ball with deft back-hander from the very jaws of his goal, then, wheeling like lightning, tap it across to safety, as the opposing No 2 hurtles down upon him; after it like a streak, galloping hell for leather, he drives it along the touch line; an oblique shot drives it past the opposing back, who turns at once, and both race for the ball.

But our friend's pony has the heels of the other; neck and neck they race for a moment, then our man shouts ahead; the back makes a despairing effort to crook his opponent's stick as he shapes for the shot, but he is too late; a straight drive and the ball whizzes between the posts, and the bell rings.

The polo player is a fine fellow, and a splendid horseman, but he would be the first to admit what a tremendous lot he owes to his ponies. Wonderful little beasts they are; infinitely cleverer than any circus performer, and thorough little sportsmen.

BRAINS.

A first-class polo pony enjoys, understands, and plays the game as well as any Watson, Peat, or Buckmaster. He is as keen as mustard, sometimes too keen. I remember seeing a pony, finding himself being ground in a neck-and-neck race for the ball, deliberately reach out, seize the opposing rider by the slack of his breeches, and yank him out of the saddle.

A really good polo pony will spring forward like an arrow the instant his master makes a fore-hand drive, whizz round like a teetotum should the stroke be a backhander, and dart eel-like through the merest loophole of a passage.

Where does he come from?

In the early days of polo in this country he came from tradesmen's carts and vans, pony carriages, and the like. Anything would do, provided it was a pony.

Then the Arab came into fashion, but he was not suited to our soft grounds, and players began to scour Exmoor, Dartmoor, Wales, and the New Forest for potential polo ponies.

Docility is most essential in a polo pony, yet at the same time he must have plenty of fire. Indeed, many of the best are highly strung animals, but like many neurotic men they seem to lose their "nerves" and to become all "nerve" when the fray begins.

DEVILMENT.

I knew one pony who was a perfect devil before a game commenced. He would refuse to cross the line, rearing and plunging all over the place, until suddenly he would catch hold of the bit, dart to his place, and you could have ridden him on a piece of packthread through the game.

Then there was one mare who would not let you come near her when you wanted to mount. She would rear up and box with her forefeet, and she had a solar plexus punch that would have put even Jack Johnson to sleep. Nevertheless, once mounted she was an exceptionally easy pony to play.

One pony I had was more than a bit of a humorist. He was all right to play, but woe betide you if you ventured to hack him home after a game.

He would go along as quiet and smooth as possible until you were thoroughly off your guard, then he would give a sudden spring, an eel-like twist, and you would find yourself sitting on the road. He never attempted to run away; he just stood looking at you with a sort of mild wonder in his bright eyes, as if he were saying, "Well, now, that's a funny place to sit, but I suppose you know best." I often lent him to unsuspecting strangers.

The training of a polo pony is a simple matter of gradually accustoming him to the stick and ball, and teaching him to turn quickly, to circle right or left, and to describe the figure 8. As a matter of fact, most ponies take to the game as naturally as boys to cricket. H. GRAY-REID.

ETIQUETTE.

XIII. OUT WITH GIRLS.

It is all very well to sing "Put Me Among the Girls," but some of us would feel extremely nervous if we thought our vocal wishes were likely to be fulfilled.

Joking apart, a man is apt to feel embarrassed when he has the privilege of entertaining ladies, more especially young ladies, who, he feels, are watching him very closely and critically.

The first advice I have to give is that the younger the girl the more seriously should you treat her. This is a profound truth, which I herewith beg to copyright.

The woman who is on the wrong side of thirty likes to be treated as a child, but the deadliest insult you can offer a girl who is still in the pig-tail stage of existence is to treat her as the schoolgirl she is.

Therefore when you are trotting out the flappers give them credit for a worldly knowledge, far beyond their years (which, indeed, most of them possess), and show them extra deference and courtesy; assume that they know everything, and you won't go far wrong.

Naturally, it is your privilege to pay the expenses of your fair convoys, but this is a privilege which it is not always easy to exercise nowadays. Many modern girls, by way of emphasising their independence, insist on paying themselves, as, for example, when you are for a cycle run and stop for refreshments.

Personally I find this type of girl simply odious, but, of course, if she does insist and makes a fuss about it, the only thing you can do is to give way, and take precious good care never to take the damsel out again.

She is really very ill-bred, this type of girl, for she must know that she makes the man with her intensely uncomfortable, and that is rank bad manners.

As a matter of fact, she never gets a decent man to go out with her twice, and the class she gets hold of are bounders who will not only let her pay for herself but often let her pay for *them*—the skunks!

However, I must keep to my subject; when out with girls, you should try to anticipate any possible expense they may be put to. Thus if you have invited ladies to dine with you at a restaurant you should be waiting outside ready to pay their cab or cabs as soon as they arrive, and a thoughtful man will have previously interviewed the cloak-room attendant and settled in advance with her.

Or again when seeing them off, give the cabman his instructions and pay him, just mentioning at the last moment that you have done so, as some cabbies are not strictly honest.

If you meet a lady accidentally in a tram-car, and she has not already paid her fare, pay it, but mind you make it clear that you are asking to be allowed to do so as a favour.

Some men have the hardihood to dispute an incorreet bill when they have feminine guests, but personally I have not, and I think it is always better to pay at the time—unless, of course, there is obvious extortion—and go back alone afterwards to have matters rectified.

If lunching or dining à la carte don't hand the lady the menu and ask her to choose for herself; in nine cases out of ten, if you do, she will select one of the very cheap dishes and you will feel small.

Study the menu, pick out some nice things that you think she will like, and then mention them, giving her a choice of several. Women usually like something light and dainty, and though she may call you an "extravagant boy," she won't like you any the less if you suggest something expensive.

Tip lavishly when ladies are with you. They will forgive almost anything in a man except meanness.

You may say that these are all details which would occur instinctively to most men, but there is no doubt that the enjoyment of many is spoilt by doubt as to just such details. E. H. HILL.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

PASSION

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
on.—OMAR KHAYYAM.

was an open-air café in a public park
ted within sight of the band and Sunday
t always saw it more crowded than any
.

e people were mostly in couples, mostly
g, and nearly all members of the respect-
working class. They were taking their in-
nsive pleasure with a spontaneous light-
tedness that the satiated habitués of May-
know little of.

ere and there one saw a small table occupied
by young men, with their natty canes, their
suits and collars tall and white. But al-
s not far from them were girls, self-con-
usly indifferent to their glances, yet
ing for each or any of the "bloods" to
oach and pretend previous acquaintance.
d more rarely still could be seen the woman
se gay appearance and manner are essen-
to the living that is hers by choice or by
terrible purpose of an inscrutable Fate.

t one of the tables there was a woman whose
was untrue to the degradation of her finery.
man who was with her had never seen her
re to-night, and if he should never see her
in the matter would cause him not the least
ret.

his thought was in the mind of the woman,
she drank at his expense and responded
chanically to his none too refined jests.
er smile was frank; her interest in his say-
s skilful enough to deceive a cleverer man
n he; but all the time she was thinking—
lking, her eyes the eyes of a thing that dies
slow and pitiless torture.
nd her heart was sick.

He laughed at something he had said, and
laughed too. He looked at her in exactly
way that a man eyes the dinner he is about
eat, having fed to satisfaction so much in
time, that to eat is more a duty than a
sire.

Had he known what she was thinking he
uld have received a rude shock, but there was
sign of it in any feature of the face but the
es—and who looks for the poison at the bot-
n of the cup?

* * * * * *

A big-shouldered man with a deliberate stride
readed his way through the tables, looking for
vacant seat. He found one within sight of
e woman. But the man's back was turned
him.

The new-comer looked about with idle in-
rest, filled his pipe, and ordered a drink.
He saw the woman at last, stared a little,
len acknowledged her by raising his cap.
he smiled her bright smile.

Then she began to talk more rapidly to her
mpanion, leaning forward enrapt in his fas-
nating ways, clearly and unquestionably en-
ying herself to the full.
And her heart still was sick.

The man sitting alone watched her occasion-
lly, his face gloomy. The gloom of his face
as habitual, so this denoted nothing. The
urve of his jaw was uncommonly distinct.
Determination reigned here, but the mouth was
oose, and in the mouth lies the character of
man.

His eyes brooded over the woman gloomily,
ecause he saw that she never looked his way.
resently he was watching her, oblivious to
verything else.

Her clothes! What did they cost? Who paid
or them? That jewellery! Who paid for that?
Was she happy? She looked it. Had she for-
otten him? Forgotten everything? Heavens!
he girl she had been! The brave, spirited,
rusting, white-souled girl she had been when
he first met her. And how she had loved him!
And he her. He had loved her right enough
until she made all that fuss. If she hadn't
hustled him, and sent her people after him—yes, that was the worst. Did she think he was to be bullied into marrying her? He'd have married her all right, if they hadn't interfered. He had always meant to. Why, at one time it had been his only ambition. And so he would have done if——

And then the knife of Truth pierced his hide of Lies, and told him that in glutting his lust he had starved his love to death.

* * * * * * *

And the man and the woman got up from their table and prepared to go. One lightning glance passed over the other man unperceived. The gloom of his thoughts obscured his vision.

They moved away, the woman who belonged by rights to him in the company of a stranger. His jaw stuck out. The loose mouth became stubborn. He got up and followed them.

He followed them to the gate. He followed their cab.

The woman with the sick heart did not know, for she thought he did not care. And, bad as she had been, she intended that this night her abandonment should be utter. For if she could not ease that pain of her heart she would go stark, staring mad.

Into her unrestrained laughter crept the pain, and the man with her in the cab felt vaguely uncomfortable. His temporary irritation of mind was exactly the irritation he would have suffered at finding a hair in his soup.

They got out. He paid the cabman. Then as they were about to enter a house the other man came up.

"I want this woman," he said.

The woman gave a sobbing cry and pressed both hands over her face.

Her companion stood rigid, outraged by the intrusion, alarmed by the woman's cry, and fear, sickly, sweating fear stirring in him at the sound of the man's voice.

He attempted a sneering laugh. A sudden movement of the other, as suddenly controlled, stopped it. He went away. At a safe distance he laughed. He was a cur at heart.

* * * * * * *

"I want to talk to you," said the man, tensely.

She had taken her hands from her face and the light from the lamp showed it to be white and full of shadows, like the face of a sleepless child.

"I want to talk to you," repeated the man, but in a changed tone. It was entreating now.

She looked up at the house.

"Not in there," she said almost inaudibly, and shivered.

"Oh, God!" said the man, as the meaning of the shiver struck him. And he had been the cause of this!

"I must talk to you," he said desperately. "Come somewhere with me. To an hotel—a railway station—*anywhere*."

She went nearer to him, unsteadily, as if afraid she would fall.

"Nowhere where there's lights—bright lights," she whispered, "or music—or songs—or men."

His blood felt as if congealed with his terrible remorse. This was abominable.

"Don't take me where there are men," she pleaded pitifully.

He reached out an arm and supported her. She was shaking all over.

He could not speak.

If only a cab would come along!

Suddenly the trembling of her body stopped. She endeavoured to free herself from the grasp of his arm.

"Loose me," she said.

There was a note of fear as well as of entreaty in her voice.

But the man was stubborn.

He had left her before—left her to herself—and he saw what had come of it.

Now he was determined not to let her go.

He held her. She struggled madly.

"Loose me!" she screamed, and spat a curse at him.

Someone was approaching, and, even at such a moment as this, he could not force himself to be careless as to what people thought.

He had a position to maintain, and there must be no scandal attaching to him.

She had a position, too, but of what a different kind!

And it had been his doing.

His arm trembled.

"Let me go!" she commanded.

He obeyed. She stood panting. The man felt as if substance and sanity were slipping from him too.

"What is it you want?" she demanded stridently.

"You," he said. "You, you. This is horrible. I can't bear it. You weren't meant for this. It's—it's damnable!"

She let out a little cackling laugh.

"Poor thing!" she said. "What would you have then?"

"I will marry you," he said, "if you'll let me."

"Marry me! Now?" Another laugh scraped her throat. "Oh, that's rich! My word! it's only a man that could have thought of that."

"I will," he said determinedly.

"Bah! and in a week we should be hurling our past at one another and fighting to know which was most to blame."

The pain in her heart called clamorously again, urging her to extremity.

"No; you can go," she said, "and take your generous impulses with you. D'you think I can't see through them? You saw me with somebody else. You looked at me. You looked at him. You thought—' well, I'm a better man than *him*.' That was where your conceit received a shock. Then you thought of your times with me, and it came to you that it was a pity they were over. Oh, I know," she said as he made to interrupt. "It was jealousy. That's all. The jealousy of lust—and that's the foulest kind on earth."

He stood watching her gloomily.

"You can't bear it!" she mocked. "You find it horrible! What if you had to bear it both day and night—day and night?"

"Oh, forgive me," he said in despair.

For one moment she hesitated; then the pain she was enduring insisted that he should suffer too. Why should it always be the woman?

"You really want me?" she asked thrillingly, and swayed towards him.

Deceived, he put out his hands impetuously.

"How much money have you got?" she wheedled.

He started back revolted. Like a flash she read him.

"Yes," she said with the fierce pride of the lost, "you want love and I offer that. And that's exactly what you did for me. Your own coin, your own coin!"

She burst into wild laughter, and stepping forward struck him across the face.

JACK

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

I never even heard his proper name, or who his parents were, or how he came to be in the village. "Jack," and Jack only was the name everybody called him by whenever they mentioned him, which was not often, for he had long since become as much a part of the local life as the clock in the church tower.

Judged by all ordinary standards he was an utterly worthless, useless wastrel, with numberless vices. In the eyes of his fellow villagers his entire indifference to work and his marvellous trick of scraping along without attempting it was his greatest fault, while among the primmer sects his lusty thirst was a source of continual grief and dismay.

But in spite of all Jack's little weaknesses; in spite of the fact that he never had worked and never intended to work; in spite of the drunkenness that was intermittent, only because lack of money would not allow of permanent intoxication; in spite of every vice and disagreeable characteristic—and Jack had many—there was yet about him a "something," a strange and attractive element, or atmosphere, or fatalism, or again "something" that made him a very interesting study and that enabled one, even while looking with disgust upon his degradation, to feel that there was in him also that which was above and beyond mere respectability.

A MYSTERY.

What this characteristic was I could only guess at for a long time, but circumstances eventually arose in which I found the secret of what was, to me, almost his charm.

I once employed him on an errand—only once—and on that occasion he betrayed every scrap of his trust, but he showed me unconsciously the secret of his attraction.

It happened like this. I had gone down to the village for a long week-end. It was my usual custom to spend every Saturday and Sunday at the little cottage I had rented, and kept furnished for such visits.

On this occasion I intended staying until the Wednesday morning as the weather was warm and settled and there was some quiet fishing to be enjoyed.

Unfortunately I had made an appointment, earlier in the week, to meet a business acquaintance on the Tuesday, and in hurrying from town I had not put off the appointment.

THE ERRAND.

On the Monday, therefore, when lazing on the river bank, smoking and pretending to fish, I recollected the appointment for the morrow. There was nothing to be done but to send a message four miles by road to the nearest telegraph office and postpone the interview, at the same time asking my friend whether certain affairs could stand over till my return. If they were urgent I should have his answer by the evening and should break my stay on the Tuesday and hasten back to town.

It happened that Jack turned up unexpectedly at the edge of the stream, and I asked him to take my message.

Yes, he was ready to go there and then, and would take it straight away to —— telegraph office. Yes, he knew the way quite well, and would take every care. And he would return and report to me and receive payment in the course of a couple of hours or so.

There and then I wrote out a message, folded it inside an envelope, and Jack set off. He was soon out of sight, and I sighed with thankfulness at his opportune appearance.

Reaching home three hours later I naturally looked for Jack and for the reply which I knew would arrive during the evening.

Neither Jack nor the answer had arrived. An hour, two hours, three hours passed, each more slowly than its forerunner, as my anxiety increased. Darkness was coming on, and if it should be necessary for me to go back to town early the next morning there were preparations to be made that night.

By nine o'clock I felt it necessary to go out and seek Jack, or in any case to find my way to the distant telegraph office and make sure that my own message had been handed in.

I did those four miles well within the hour, and though the night walk was cool and pleasant I had little inclination to let my feelings have play. Jack, my message, and the answer I wanted, filled my thoughts and stretched the miles.

NO NEWS.

The demure old postmistress was retiring for the night when I arrived. A head peeped from the upper window above the little creeper-covered porch, in answer to my rather imperative knock upon the door, and I soon learned that Jack had not been seen that day, nor had any message such as I described been sent.

As I started to walk back, Jack's very life was in danger. He had flagrantly deceived and inconvenienced me, and I was landed in an awkward situation that might mean considerable loss to me.

However, there was no help for anything that night, and lighting up a pipe I strolled easily homeward, making a fairly successful effort to be philosophical and to enjoy the calm peacefulness of the night.

Taking little notice of single objects, but rather feeling the accumulated influences of the night, it needed a second and more careful glance to convince me that the object I saw perched upon a stile was really a human being.

Looking more carefully, however, I realised that a man it was, his elbows on his knees, staring fixedly before him into the woodlands.

THE EXPLANATION.

It was surely Jack. Calling his name sharply he turned and answered. "Yes, 'tis Jack right enough," and before I could give vent to my quickly returning anger he had approached, and begun to lead me by the arm to the stile.

Astonished I followed; and Jack, waving his hand towards the wood, bade me look and listen. Then, with an earnestness and a crude eloquence that I cannot hope to recall in words, he made me understand that he had sat there many hours completely spellbound by the mystery and glamour of earth and its creatures.

Unwillingly I joined my own thoughts with his and there we stood, the silence of the night broken only now and then by the hoarse bark of a dog fox.

Then I knew the secret of Jack's strange fascination for me. Deep down in his sodden, coarse, and rough personality there was this one chord of refinement, placed there by some obscure trick of heredity, upon which the glamour of night and the mystery of the wild lives of the creatures of the wood played with masterly skill.

I have never seen any man so utterly given up to the sensuous enjoyment of the grand influences of nature. And in my sympathy with this strange trait in one so worthless in all else I lost my anger.

We strolled home together. Neither of us said a word about the telegram, but as I left him to go into my cottage, wondering to myself where he intended passing the remainder of the night, I noticed, crumpled in his hand, the telegram that never was sent.

C. EASTON-GREY.

OFFENSIVE GERMANS.

A FRANK OPINION.

No doubt there are Germans who are everything that a man should be, but the average German, especially he who comes to this country—and goodness knows there are all too many of him—is an offensive person, save perhaps in the eyes of that section of the Press which is the friend of every country but its own.

It is well to look facts in the face, and I have no hesitation in saying that war with Germany would be a popular war, and a bloody war, because the average Englishman loathes the German. And not without reason.

In the first place, the German is a dirty feeder. To sit next or anywhere near him at table is purgatory.

He gobbles and bolts his food; jabbers with his mouth full and wide open; spits and splutters all over the place, and, generally speaking, makes himself most offensive.

He has no notion of the courtesies of the table. He grabs everything for himself, and would never dream of passing you anything.

Hotel keepers on the Riviera, and at other pleasure resorts, dread the appearance of Teutonic tourists, for they know that they will drive other visitors away quicker than any epidemic.

I know I have fled from more than one London boarding-house simply because Germans came to it and made meals intolerable by their disgusting habits; and I can testify from personal observation that they seldom, if ever, take a bath.

The German is a curious and unpleasant mixture of arrogance and servility. Let him see that you are top-dog, and he is a lickspittle all the time, but give him a little power and he is the worst kind of bully.

In business he is, of course, a blackleg, working for sweated wages and driving hundreds of decent Englishmen to want and despair. Certainly our employers are greatly to blame for engaging them, but, thank goodness, they are beginning to find out that there is no real saving in cheap German labour.

In public the German's manners are nauseating. He would never dream of offering a lady a seat in a crowded railway carriage or tramcar, or of showing any of the small courtesies that a gentleman delights in.

On the other hand, they will pester an unprotected woman with vile attentions, and seem to consider themselves entitled to stare rudely and offensively at any woman unfortunate enough to travel in the same conveyance with them.

They are naturally, and by habit, the most unchivalrous and impolite race in Europe, and large numbers of them who come to this country live on the immoral earnings of "unfortunates."

In crowds, if they are of the truculent kind, they push, elbow and jostle their way to the front, regardless of other people's feelings and persons, though they are usually pretty docile if there are men about.

The last thing a German is, is a sportsman. He does not understand the meaning of the term, and the difference between what is "cricket" and what is not, is an unsolvable riddle to him.

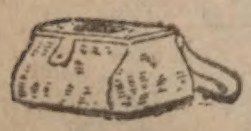
France is producing as fine and genuine sportsmen as the world ever saw, but has a single good sportsman come out of Germany?

I see no reason why we should tolerate Germans in this country; apart from their personal offensiveness, they are not only of no use to us, but a source of positive danger, many of them being here simply as dirty spies.

The German is not a sportsman, and therefore if we dislike him it follows that he must fear and hate us, as a mongrel fears and hates a thoroughbred.

We have no use in this country for people who are not sportsmen, and the sooner we boycott the offensive, treacherous German the better.

LESTER J. BUSH.



THE DEVIL IN HELL.

HE STORY OF A MAN'S DEVELOPMENT.

e Devil in Hell laughed. . . . . .
had been watching the young man for
time, and things were progressing as he
d them to do.
e young man had long been a sport. He
not that energy or self-control which is
sary to make a man a sportsman, but he
as good a billiard player as any in the

was always ready to back himself for
he could afford, and often for a bit over.
body should say that he lacked blood.
drank a good deal more than was good for
not because he liked it so much as because
de him seem—to his own thinking—a buck.
and by he began to like liquor for its own

felt that he needed it, that it did him

d the Devil laughed.
olly and wine," he said, "will bring this
to me."

* * * * * *

t the young man pulled himself together in
it was a close shave, but he did it. He
ed liquor, but he still posed as a blood.
l then one day it happened that he re-
d his resources; his creditors insisted upon
His debts were great, his assets small.
would put things right by one big coup.
e tip was straight; the horse could not fail
n.

d the Devil laughed.
horse and a jockey that don't mean to
he mused, "will bring this man to me."

* * * * * *

t the horse won, and the young man sen-
paid off his creditors.
ling free with his newly found irresponsi-
he let his mind wander to other things.
ere was a woman whom he knew.
e was splendid.
speak with her was joy. To kiss her was

e was older than he was. The world to
as a matter of commerce; life was a ques-
f £ s. d.
t she hid these things from the young man.
e made believe to like him really and in

was young; she was clever; and he was
ved.

d the Devil laughed.
his woman," he said, "is my servant, and
ill bring this man to me."

* * * * * *

d the woman who was the Devil's servant,
er best.
e liked the young man, apart altogether
professional reasons.
liked her too.
e knew so much of the world; to be spoken
; her friend was to be an acknowledged
; he felt great.
e change happened suddenly.
met another girl at a ball—a dear, pure,
English girl, that even his mother could
found no objection to.
liked her, and she seemed to like him.
ey met again, and he loved her.
told her all that had happened, and,
gh he expected that she would send him
, she did not.
e forgave him.
d the young man got on his knees and
d her skirt; she did not laugh at him, for
nderstood.
e put her hand on his shoulder and drew
up to her.
ey looked one another straight in the eyes,
the life of each was laid bare to the other—
irl's purity, the man's repentance.
d the Devil in Hell sighed and said:
omething in the human heart has stolen
man from me."

B. MARTIN POOLE.

WHERE THE VICTORY LAY.

It was the duty of this particular Territorial to drive this particular waggon from a given place to another place, also given.

Who gave the places is not recorded, but we may let the point pass, as it does not concern the story.

And it happened that one of the horses in the waggon thought that the psychological moment had arrived for it to apply for the old age pension.

At least, it stood stock still, or rather, as the horsey books would say, it jibbed.

The Territorial was very much annoyed, but he tried to face the trouble with calmness.

He patted the horse on the head, called it "Popsy" and one or two of the other pretty things which he had invented for the delectation of his best girl, but still the horse refused to move.

The other horse, knowing that it was not to blame for starting the fun, was quite willing to enter into the spirit of it, and, though it might have helped the Territorial by dragging its recalcitrant fellow-worker along, it did no such thing.

And so the Territorial mused on the hardness of Fate, and presently his hand stole to his pocket and he drew forth his pipe and his tobacco pouch.

He sat himself down on a stile, and as he lighted up he said between the puffs:

"This, you brute, is where I get the better of you. You can't smoke!"

And the horse, possibly feeling envious, stepped slowly off.

GETTING ROUND IT.

Sandy MacSlougherty had taken the pledge.

Nobody knew why.

Some said it was because he had to pay an extra bawbee on each glass of whusky, and some said that the parson had bribed him to do it in order to be able to show the conversion of the man who had so far been the parish's horrible example.

Now it happened that, shortly after Sandy's taking of the pledge, the laird met him and brought him into the house.

The laird produced the whisky decanter and set it upon the sideboard, and, as they talked about crops and sheep and weather and things, he observed what he expected—that Sandy's eyes were focussed pretty often on the glowing yellow spirit in the bottle.

And at length the laird arose and said:

"Sandy," he said, "we'll tak a wee drappie."

And he set the decanter and two glasses upon the table.

"Ay naw," said Sandy. "It's no possible. I've ta'en the pledge never to touch anither glass——"

The laird poured out some for himself.

"——but if ye poored a drappie into a teacup," Sandy continued, "there could be nae harm. The pledge said naething aboot teacups."

And his toast was to the meenister and to all others who advocated moderation.

Hech, sirs!

HAPPY NIGHTS.

VI. ON THE FOOTPLATE.

By the help of much indirect but powerful influence I found myself recently the possessor of a signed official "pass" which gave me leave to travel upon the engine of the night express.

I was accommodated with a corner of the "cab" and bidden by the driver to keep a firm hold of the rail till I found my feet, for travelling on the footplate was rather different, he said, from a seat in the humblest "third."

The engine seemed to be hot with passion, straining mischievously to be off, like a horse that has only a boy for driver.

Presently the great thing began to move. With a touch at a wheel here, and a pull at a handle there, and without the least display of strength, the driver set his engine going.

Beneath me and in front, a furious energy broke loose. I could feel the rods and pistons slipping round and round with thrusts that surely soon would wreck the iron framework.

The engine swayed and rocked and jolted as if nothing could prevent immediate derailment and disaster.

Through it all the driver stood with reassuring unconcern, even encouraging the violence of the monster and urging it to greater speed.

Only occasionally could I see the rails on which we sped. At frequent intervals green signal lights gave consent to our passage, but for the most part on we went in blind fury, trusting that the line was clear.

At every lurch I felt that we had reached the edge of earth and had shot forth above some vast abyss.

Still we ran securely forward, men and engine glorying together in their wild career. And when at last I stood once more beside the monster, now quiet and obedient, I reeled like any drunken man. For the first time I had realised the intoxication of speed.

F. M. HACKER.

THINGS SEEN.

XII. THE DEPARTURE.

Bennett was sacked.

Perhaps it was because of slackness of trade; perhaps because of his lack of cleverness.

Never mind.

If he was not gifted with exceptional talent, he was undoubtedly one of the best, a man in whose hands you might safely have left your life—an Englishman, a sportsman and a gentleman.

He came right round the office on the Saturday morning, just before one o'clock, to bid us good-bye. His mouth was a little more straight across than usual, but his eyes were brave as ever, and he made some jokes about his having sacked the firm.

I was only a kid then, but I had sense enough not to dare to sympathise with him. Possibly he knew what I felt, for he gripped my hand very hard, and I gripped his till my own fingers ached.

"Good-bye, old man," he said.

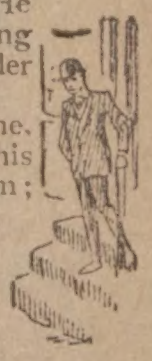
There was a side window overlooking the door, and from it I watched him go down the steps. He was carrying himself as firm as ever. I didn't let him see me, because I felt it might give him pain.

Once on the pavement, he lit a cigarette, and he went round the corner of the street swinging his stick and looking as jaunty as you like.

After one o'clock I went to a teashop, and at one of the tables Bennett was sitting. In front of him was a cup of tea which had grown cold. He was staring at a mirror opposite, seeing nothing but his own reflection. And his face was older by five years than when we shook hands.

I did not eat there for fear he should see me. I should have liked just to put my hand on his shoulder, but sympathy would have hurt him; so I came away.

G. BULCRAIG.



It's Your Paragraph we Want

TUNES FOR MILITARY BANDS.

I have often wondered why most military bandmasters choose such common tunes as marches. Surely there is enough good music available which would be worthy of the fine musicians which Kneller Hall, the headquarters of the Royal Military School of Music, turns out.

At the Naval and Military Tournament this year, for instance, it seemed a little incongruous and undignified to see the Royal Horse Guards Blue, in full panoply with gleaming helmets and cuirasses, drawn swords and superb horses, executing a musical ride to the strains of "Put me among the girls."

Or one may meet a Battalion of Guards marching along to the tune of "Hello! Hello! Hello!"

I do not suggest that the bands should restrict themselves to Wagner, but besides classical music which is also popular, we have plenty of fine old English songs and melodies, and there is plenty of really good modern music which should render it unnecessary to have recourse to such ditties as I have referred to. They are all very well in their place, but they are undeniably vulgar, and out of place when played, at any rate on parade, by a military band.

AN IMPROVISED SCREW-DRIVER.

If you are stranded, when out cycling, with a screw that has worked loose and no screwdriver in your toolbag, you need not despair if you have a spanner of the variety that is known as a "monkey wrench," with a screw adjustment.

All you need to do is to screw it up until the jaws almost meet, and then to insert a sixpence of which the milled edge is worn thin, or even an old halfpenny.

When the spanner is screwed up tight on this you have a screwdriver that is good for almost anything you can want.

IMPROVING WHISKY.

Those of my fellow readers who believe in keeping a decanter of whisky for the entertainment of those friends who visit them, may find it profitable to adopt this little tip.

To buy really old whisky, especially since the rise in its price owing to the Budget, is a matter for consideration to most of us; but you can doctor very ordinary whisky without much trouble and make it taste as good as the best.

Very cheap whisky is, of course, to be avoided, but if you buy a bottle at 3s. or 3s. 6d. you can readily make it appear of high quality.

When you open the bottle, pour out a glassful—this, of course, you use for rubbing on the soles of your feet to harden them for long walks; you do not dream of drinking it—of course not! Now pour into the bottle a glassful of ordinary sherry. It will mix with the whisky perfectly and will give it that delicacy of flavour which can only be obtained otherwise by great age.

You need not hesitate to doctor your whisky in this manner, for you are not in any way damaging its quality; on the contrary, you are improving it and you are adding to your friends' pleasure when they drink your health.

NIGHT CYCLING.

There are many enthusiastic cyclists who have never had an all-night ride. Those who have not could not do better than try one.

It is almost necessary to have a friend with you, as there is not much pleasure in pedalling through the night alone.

The time to start of course depends on the distance you intend riding, but one should arrange not to get home until after daybreak.

A night with a full moon is best; it will last you through the night and make the ride more enjoyable.

One should take care to put on sufficient clothing as protection from the chilly night air, and do not forget to put food in the pocket.

There is nothing more exhilarating than to wheel along through the night, to watch the day breaking and the sun rise.

A bath, hearty breakfast, and a sleep until noon, and a man feels indeed a man, and has found a new pleasure.

A short time ago I had an all-night ride among the Welsh Mountains, one of the best rides I have ever had, for the grandeur of the hills is increased a thousandfold by night.

A TRIM MOUSTACHE.

A good deal of money is spent on fancy things to keep the moustache in form, and most of them are well worth using and have a nice perfume and do their work efficiently.

At the same time there are some of us who do not care to afford dressings for the moustache, although we yet want it to lie nicely and look smart; it may be worth while, therefore, to state that I have found common soap just as good a moustache dressing as any. It has no bad effect upon the hair, it gives it that stiffness which is desired, and, if perfumed, it is very pleasant to use.

In waxing or soaping your moustache, it is highly necessary to see that there is not one long straggling hair sticking out beyond the others, as that spoils the whole effect of the decoration.

Whether you wax it or not, you should always brush the moustache when you brush your hair.

PICKING ONE'S WAY.

As a motor-car driver in private service in London, I have found the same trouble as men in other spheres of employment, namely, the difficulty of keeping one's job.

Motor-car driving is not now what it once was, and employers are always keen on getting men who are willing to take a low wage, or are supposed to be more skilful at their job.

I have kept my job by studying it, and one of my secrets in pleasing my employer is that I manage to avoid the hold-ups which are so frequent in London streets.

At the Mansion House, Tottenham Court Road, Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly, you will generally find a block of traffic which means some minutes of delay; but when a route demands, in the ordinary way, passing through these spots, I look up a map of London before starting off (provided of course that I am not acquainted with the place I have to deal with), and I study how I can get down one back street and up another, so as to avoid the busy parts altogether.

I find in this way I save a good many minutes on each journey, and this saving of time is much appreciated by employers. I give the tip to my fellow chauffeurs.

TRY YOUR HAND

at writing a paragraph for this page. Let it be bright, fresh, and of masculine interest.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. O. MORROLL, Glaubran, Garth Road, Builth Wells, Brecon, for "Night Cycling."

LIFEBUOYS AT HAND.

It is a curious fact that if a man is going to drown he usually chooses a spot which is as far removed as possible from a lifebuoy, but if the onlooker keeps his presence of mind, he can usually find something ready to hand, which can be turned to account almost as effectively as the buoys supplied by the Royal Humane Society.

When a boat is overturned there are usually several relics left floating in the water, which either singly or collectively are capable of keeping the human body afloat for any length of time. Sculls and stretchers, perhaps even floorboards, will separate themselves from the capsized boat, and if you can manage to get your arm over a floating oar, even though you cannot swim, you should be able to keep afloat for several hours.

The safest method is to sit astride the handle end of the oar.

An open umbrella or parasol is another very useful substitute. It can be used either way up, but the best method is to turn it with the handle upwards, and to grasp it with one hand just above the ferrule and with the other by the edge or by the handle.

If the umbrella be turned the other way up, it will act on the same principle as a diving bell, and the air contained between the silk and the water will be sufficient in bulk to keep you afloat until a boat can come to your rescue.

Again a couple of empty bottles will keep a human being afloat, if grasped firmly upside down by the handles. It is not even necessary that they should have corks in them, though of course there is much less danger of their filling and of the air being expelled, if they are so sealed.

A CYCLING TIP.

Very often it happens that one has to ride a bicycle when wearing ordinary trousers, as, for example, if you cycle to your work or to the station in the mornings.

There are some men who are too lazy or careless to go in for ordinary bicycle clips, and, instead of fixing their trousers with these, they turn their socks down, fold the trouser bottoms round their legs and then turn their socks up again.

This certainly keeps the trousers from getting into contact with the chain, but the effect is certainly most untidy and ugly.

You can always leave the clips on the handlebar of your machine, but if you cannot be bothered with clips, or fear that they will be stolen from the bike, use a couple of ordinary large pins and put them underneath the lapel of your coat when they are not being used as fixers.

GETTING BOOTS READY.

With the camping season rapidly approaching it is time for the Territorial—or indeed for the civilian who intends to do much walking on his summer holiday—to think about getting his marching boots into condition. It cannot be done in a hurry at the last minute.

It is a process that takes time.

Good stout nails in the soles are an essential, especially if you are to be encamped in hilly or marshy country. They can now be obtained in aluminium if the weight is objected to, but as a matter of fact a good heavy sole is a help rather than a hindrance in marching.

The leather of the sole, however, must not be too thin, or the nails will hurt the feet.

The boots should stand for some time in about two inches of oil, which should also be rubbed into the leather. Neat's-foot oil is the best for this purpose, but almost any kind will serve.

A biscuit tin forms a useful tray to stand the boots in.

Boots treated in this way will need to be cleaned with dubbin, as they will not take blacking. Therefore you will naturally keep them only for hard work, and not for walking out, especially as the oily surface attracts the dust very quickly.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

KERNAHAN'S STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Troopers Kernahan and Stephen, gether with several new recruits Squadron "B," were lying out the hot sun's rays in the Orderly Tent by the usand yard distance on the open range at ermouth.

From the outside came the sharp crack and o of the shooting, mostly individual firing, lowed by the dull recording tones of the re- ter keepers, who were gasping for a drink, d eyeing the cool tent enviously.

t was one of those afternoons when it was t a pleasure to lounge, and several hours at range had, perhaps, earned the men in the t their spell of rest.

One languid youth, stretched out at full gth on the ground, raised his head wearily d flung his peaked cap far from him.

"Oh, why did I join the Yeomanry?" he hed.

"Yes, why?" asked Kernahan, suddenly; upposing you had to—er—justify this little rmingly innocent practice you've been indulg- g in?"

"Oh, don't mention it! Let it be distinctly derstood that I didn't join the Yeomanry to to war—not in the summer, at least. I ned for the sport. I admit it. Get me a e cold piece of marble, someone——"

The speaker dropped his sweat-beaded head his arms.

"Joined for the sport? H'm. I'm afraid there e many chaps like you, young man," said rnahan severely.

"Well, in my time I've ard a few reasons given for joining the King's wn—but the one that took the biscuit was hen 'Dandy' Ferrers 'listed in 'B' Squadron erely so that he could attend the Yeomanry ll in uniform!"

"Whereby," Stephen put in, "hangs a tale!"

"Spin it out, Kerny!" came a chorus from e prostrate Yeomen.

Kernahan pulled at his pipe.

"It isn't a thing that I care to talk about uch," he began, "but a lesson from life might it some of you budding Generals that have eir eye mainly on the sport. The King's wn, my beloved hearers, isn't what you might ll all dinners and dress parades! Occasion- y—very occasionally, certainly, you're called to sweat for your bloomin' country in an obtrusive fashion, and at times like that you'll d our respected Sergeant-Major—the chap out ere who told you to stick the butt end of your le well into your shoulder and 'Shut one eye ly, please, sir'—isn't all sugar. Old Brighton s got a rough edge to his tongue when he es, trained in what he terms the 'best cademy in the world, sir—the British Cavalry.'

"If I hadn't been a blinder bat than I am in ese days, I should never have stood godfather Henry Ashby Ferrers at his military baptism, herein he was made a member of 'B' quadron, a Trooper of the King's Own, and inheritor of all the traditions of the Regiment which rested—alas! too lightly on his irrespon- ble shoulders.

"Now Ferrers was not a bad sort—a sport ccordin' to his way of thinkin'—but lacking all healthy instincts of a man and possessin' a ttle bit of extra make-weight of the vices born us all—the sort of things you get warned gainst at temperance and other meetings. He as what you might term full of little indiscre- ons—and it was the little indiscretions that hacked him at the finish. He'd always been idden on a loose rein, so when the time came put a curb in his mouth—then he lashed out ke a bit o' blood, and turned his life into a little n hell.

"You've seen a young colt plungin' about ith a master of horsemanship on his back— tewin' in a lather, with foam lit'rally droppin' rom his mouth, an' all in vain because the Man as more than his match? Well, speakin' in arables, Ferrers was the colt."

"But," Trooper Stephen broke in, "I often hink it was my fault that Ferrers joined the

King's Own. I showed him my ticket for the Yeomanry ball—a swanky affair with the crest in royal blue and the letterin' in gold, with the line at the end: 'Uniform to be worn.'

"So I says to him—you know how keen he was on dancing, Kerny?—

"'How'd you like to come to this affair, Mr. Ferrers?' and I handed him the card.

"He fastened on it like a leech. You know how he'd smooth his hair back when he got a bit excited, Kerny? Well, we were sittin' in the smoke-room of the Meteor then. He started that funny little nervous action of his. I can see him now.

"'Boy,' he says to me, 'can you get me an invitation?'

"You'd ha' thought he was asking for the loan of a thousand quid by the way he said it.

"'Cert'nly,' I said; 'only surely you don't think you're going to stand a chance in evening dress against Us—in our uniform? The ladies in Brermouth have got an eye for the uniform of the King's Own—they call it pretty. You can have a ticket, Ferrers,' I says, 'but, take my tip, it'll be odds on the boys in yellow and blue against the best evening dress suit ever cut in Bond Street!'

"'Well, maybe you're right,' Ferrers said, but he was still smoothin' back his hair and I could see he'd set his heart on goin'. It then wanted a fortnight to the ball.

"'Look here,' said 'Dandy' suddenly, 'I don't see why I shouldn't join the Yeomanry, do you?'

"Well, I knew he was fifty per cent. too vain to submit to command, but as he was a good customer at my place, the Meteor, I handed him over to Kernahan.

"'Kernahan knows more about it than I do,' I said. 'He can get you through right smart, so the tailors can get your dress uniform and overalls completed, an' by a little diplomacy at headquarters you can soon get hold of the shoulder chains, etcetera. Patent dress boots at eighteen-and-six,' I concluded, 'will complete a pretty picture.'"

Kernahan laid his cold pipe down.

"This," he said, "is where I jump in and take the troop along at a sweatin' pace.

"Ferrers joined, and it was by my special and pointed request that headquarters saw that all his dress uniform was sent down for him in time for the ball. That was a night of nights, too! Eight-thirty to four a.m. with only a break for supper, and after the supper, where the champagne had been goin' like water—most of us must have saved for weeks for that annual bust up—things got a bit lively. The room regularly rocked to the stamp and go of the dear old Lancers—the best dance of all! We encored 'grand chain' after 'grand chain,' and the women folk, pretendin' to be cynically amused, were enjoying it all, though it was against the proprieties for them to stamp as we were. There were the Captains and the Colonel himself there, but the man who set it all humming was Ferrers—Ferrers with his eyes sparklin' and his hair a bit wild, looking as proud as a prince in his uniform. Kellett Sahib said it reminded him of a dance at an Indian Hill Station, and congratulated me on runnin' up a reg'lar sportsman for 'B' Squadron. He meant Ferrers, of course—sportsman—good Lord!

"Ferrers was known by the girls there who were of Brermouth's upper ten, to be a bit of a rake—that was his reputation, and some of the more reserved ones delicately refused him dances when he went round with his programme, but when I saw him at supper he showed me his card, and there wasn't a dance vacant, but I noticed the initials, 'B. S.' written against quite four waltzes.

"'Who is B. S.?' I asked him. 'You seem to be makin' all the runnin' there.'

"'Oh, that's Brandy an' Soda, you owl,' he says.

"But these 'Brandy and soda dances' of his were not until fairly near the end, and then when they turned on the First Extra—Lancers again by special request—I saw Ferrers fairly stagger up the ball-room. You should have heard the 'Oh, Mr. Ferrers!' from the women and seen the awful glare in the eye of the Colonel. The handsome Ferrers' pet vice had got hold of him!

"Kellett came up to me and fairly yelled in my ear above the band.

"'You must see the fool home! Kick him out! Do anything you like, but for heaven's sake don't let him disgrace the uniform of the King's Own here!'

"Then Kellett went off and kept him prisoner until after that most miserable set of Lancers. I found Ferrers bein' fairly held down by the Colonel and Kellett Sahib. Stephen, you can remember how he went on?"

"The language," Stephen asserted, "was vitriolic. 'He was a Trooper of the King's Own an' as good as they were,' he said. 'He'd come to the ball, and, by Heaven, he was goin' to see it through!'

"We bundled him into the Colonel's brougham at the finish in charge of the Colonel's footman. Thus, they got him home. But not before he'd wrecked the swing of the dance. The chaps were too mad to do anything but go into the smoke-room and swear—and they didn't spare me, either!"

Kernahan took up the story again.

"If he'd held a commission he'd have been politely but firmly asked to resign, but bein' only a Trooper they couldn't ask him to do that. Nor, mind you, could they discharge him forthwith for swearing at his superiors, the occasion bein' unofficial as far as the Act was concerned.

"But Ferrers turned up at the first dismounted drill as if nothing had happened! Gad!—and he looked smart in uniform, too! His face was clear and hard set as a man's should be, and you'd think he'd been pencilling his eye-brows, they were that straight. It seemed hard to believe that he was really as morally weak as water. After drill he swaggered up, slapping his boot with his whip like a Household Cavalryman. Kellett was in the club-room with us. Ferrers asked us to drink at his expense, with his old cheery air. It was Kellett who spoke to him.

"'Wouldn't it be better,' he said, 'if you apologised like a gentleman first?'

"'For what?' asked Ferrers.

"'For insulting me, and disgracing the uniform of the King's Own, at the ball.'

"'For disgracing the uniform of the King's Own I apologise to the Regiment. I'm sorry, darn' sorry,' says Ferrers, 'but I don't apologise to any "individual"!'

"He was chock-full of pride was 'Dandy' Ferrers, the curl of his lip would tell you that. He pulled up the sleeve of his sword arm and showed a great bruise—all purply.

"'That's what some of you blighters did to me,' he said, 'so I think it's you who ought

to apologise. I've done *my* bit!'

"Not one of us answered him. He tried to smile over it, and in that nervous way of his asked us again to drink with him. Kellett, as I have told you, has no heart except for the Regiment's *prestige*. He turned away and we had to follow his lead.

Ferrers went a bit white.

"'Well, the club shan't suffer because you want to turn against me,' he says, tossing that proud head of his. 'Waiter, fetch four brandies and sodas, sharp!'

"Ferrers sat down by the table, and pretended to read a paper. I believe he had got it the right way up, but I could see it quivering in his hand, and I knew what sort of an inferno was going on inside.

"We three had retired into a corner of the club-room—Kellett Sahib, Stephen and myself, but we heard his order and expected he was going to drink them all himself—it was the sort of thing to be expected of him when his temper was fairly up. Well, the waiter brought the tray with the brandies and soda. He paid the man—and took the tray!

"I remember that his hand was shaking so much that every moment I expected him to upset the clinkin' glasses—they rattled and danced on that tray. But Ferrers, whiter than ever, walked straight over to us holding the tray with his left hand. He marched straight up to us.

"'You shall have these,' he said. 'Outside or in!'

"With that he flung the contents of one glass over me, and another over Stephen, before you could say Jack Robinson. He stopped at Kellett and emptied the brandy and soda down at his feet—over the new Turkey carpet.

"'Your uniform's rather new,' he said, 'and as you have to buy it yourself I'll spare it.'"

"What did you chaps do?" one of the recruits broke in excitedly.

Kernahan puckered up his eyebrows and continued heavily:

"I hit him—hard," he said miserably. "I've regretted it a hundred times since. But I did it. I caught him well on the point of the jaw, and he went down in a heap—poor Ferrers—he went down in a heap and came up with a cut on his forehead, but half smiling. Then—I told you he had the devil's own temper—he went for me like a windmill in a gale, and for a time he fairly slogged. Chairs went this way, tables and magazines that. But he'd got no idea of hittin' straight and had never learnt to put up his hands, so it was a million to one against him in the end. I got in *one* and laid him out."

"Then," put in Stephen, "it was my turn to call for brandy, and 'Dandy' Ferrers fairly needed it this time. I shall never forget old Kernahan turnin' round and cursin' me for not stoppin' the fight. Kellett Sahib had tactfully slipped off. He did not want to be concerned in an affair of this kind officially, as it was not understood to be good for the giddy morale of the Regiment. Luckily, we were the only ones in the Yeomanry club-room at the time—Kernahan, Ferrers, and myself.

"Ferrers came round all right, and then you should have seen Kernahan trying to make peace overtures with Ferrers. Told him he admired him for showin' his spirit and so on, but Ferrers was beat—properly crushed. Kernahan tried to get him to shake hands, but Ferrers seemed all limp and gave him no sort of grip. He whimpered something about everyone bein' against him, and said he wished he'd been in hell before he joined the Yeomanry, which, he said, was a hotbed of rough, brainless, horsey cads! His cheek, too, was swollen somethin' horrid—but you couldn't take that pride out of him. His spirit was a bit too big for his body.

"He stood against the mantelpiece for a moment, pantin' most dramatically. Then he looked at us both just as if he pitied us—yes, pitied *us!*

"'Ah, it's no matter,' he said, shrugging his shoulders, and then—you could have knocked us both down with a feather—he went to the piano and played over the chorus of a song which was rather popular with us just then—

"'That's the sort of chaps we breed in the Army.'

"'Sons of tramps, or sons of kings,
We teach 'em to be men;
Nobly to live—bravely to die—
As soldiers and gentlemen!'"

The listeners broke into humming it.

"Dandy Ferrers was a sport after all! That fairly fetched you, didn't it, Kerny?"

"Yes. I thought a man who could take a lickin' one minute and play your favourite song the next was worth cultivatin' in spite of his—er—little indiscretions, and, after all, as I said before, the Yeomanry isn't all dinners and dances, my boys," Kernahan went on.

"So I managed to make peace for him with the rest of the Squadron, and then everything went all right until we had the Recruits' Mounted Drill.

"Now, I want you chaps to note carefully that the old Sergeant-Major knew nothing about the Yeomanry Ball affair. Naturally he came down to conduct that pleasant little drill on the Downs, and several of us—the older members—went as spectators to see how the new blood shaped, little expecting to find Dandy Ferrers seated as comfortable as you please on the best bit o' blood he could hire from the local Livery Stables! The others were the most horrible set of Ass-Marines that ever rode donkeys on a beach.

"They were riding on the dear old circle with the usual walk, trot, canter, and gallop, most of 'em ridin' on the neck of the horse instead of in the saddle. All bar Ferrers, and *he* was delightin' the Sergeant-Major's eye. We were all pleased, because we feared old Brighton's cordite tongue should rouse up that devil in him.

"Then, of course, it came to formin' sections, half-sections, and gettin' flung back into line, which is never precisely a Derby for recruities."

The listeners nodded assent with one accord.

"Well, Ferrers got mixed up a bit with this game, dodgin' in an' out of his place in the line, and—the Sergeant-Major swears he was innocent of all intention—but there is no denyin' that he called out:

"'There's no need to keep dancin' round the troop like that, Ferrers. *This isn't the Grand Chain at the Yeomanry Ball!*'

"I shall never forget the look on Ferrers' face. I saw his hand go to his sword, and before any of us could interfere he was charging the Sergeant-Major at a gallop, with sword drawn.

"Those of us who were looking on made for him as fast as we could move, but before we came up with him he had pulled up short in front of old Brighton.

"'What the devil do you want?' asked the old Sergeant-Major.

"'Merely this!' said Ferrers quietly, but with the very devil in his eyes. He pulled his scabbard from the saddle, sheathed his sword and thrust it into the Major's free hand.

"Then, while the Sergeant-Major stood there gasping, he spurred his horse and was off at a gallop, dwindlin' to a speck in no time. That was the last of Trooper Ferrers. They discharged him officially for open insubordination."

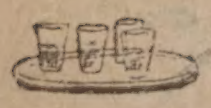
At that moment the Sergeant-Major entered the tent.

"It was a good job I did make that unintentional remark, after all, *I* think," he observed. "If I marked for him on the range to-day, for instance, and he made a miss or two, a man with a temper like Ferrers might have shot *me!*"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Kernahan and Stephen as one man.

"Hear, hear!" echoed several of the recruits.

"That's very nice of you, young gentlemen, I'm sure," said the old Sergeant-Major. "But just wait and see how you like me if you don't all score an average of inners at a thousand yards! Turn out the squad, Kernahan!"



GETTING ASKED OUT.

WHY SOME MEN GET INVITATIONS AND OTHERS DON'T.

There are two kinds of people on this earth. One the man who likes to get asked out, the other he who regards every invitation as a beastly nuisance, and who perjures himself a hundred times in inventing excuses for not accepting it.

With the latter class I am not dealing here; I want to discuss the former—the man who wants to get asked out.

Of them there are two divisions, the man who wants to get asked out and does, and the man who wants to get asked out and doesn't.

Why does the one succeed and the other fail?

My own experience of what might be called middle-class social life is fairly extensive, and I have found that no young fellow need want for invitations provided he complies with certain requirements.

And these requirements are by no means small in their demands.

First of all there is the time taken in fulfilling engagements.

After a hard day's work is it worth while going out to a dance or to a dinner, where all the time you have to keep your mind concentrated more or less, for you want to appear at your best and your brightest? Will such an evening turn you out fresher for the next day's work than an evening spent in simply pottering about?

Some men work all the better after a bit of social relaxation, while others it leaves tired out and dissatisfied with their work.

This is a point which you must decide according to your own particular cast of mind.

The second demand upon the man who is to be asked out is his qualifications.

He must of necessity be a well-to-be-seen young man—not that he need be good-looking in the actor's sense of the word, but he must be fairly well set up, fairly trim and healthy looking.

Also he must be marriageable.

Young married men do not get asked out much. The professed bachelor is asked out continually, and even the young man who is engaged and whose engagement is known, is not left out in the cold. Possibly his hostess feels that he may reconsider his first choice. Be this as it may, he is not disqualified so long as he is a bachelor.

Also he must be accomplished.

The young man who cannot dance, may whistle for invitations, for they will not come his way. He must be able to play the games popular in his particular station of life, whether this game be bridge, whist or billiards.

It is not very difficult to acquire these accomplishments.

Physical culture makes you well set up; ten shillings to a billiard-marker will teach you billiards reasonably well; and a guinea spent with a dancing master will put you right there.

You must not think, however, that everything is done that need be done as soon as you have received an invitation.

Invitations are generally of the "repeat" variety, and most of those you will get will be from people you have already visited. Therefore it is necessary for you to make the most of your opportunities by doing your best to make the dance or whatever it is a big success.

The man who goes just to enjoy himself and who pays no attention to anybody else, is apt to wonder why it is that he is not asked a second time.

He who gets the most invitations is he who is the most unselfish.

And this outfit will secure you as many invitations as you want. There is not the slightest need—nor is it expected—that you give some sort of invitation in return. You are the worshipped young man, with the young man's privilege of taking without giving.

Whether the game is all worth the candle is an entirely different matter, and one for you alone to decide.

PATRICK FOSTER.

STYLE IN SWIMMING

TO MAKE A FAIR SHOW IN THE WATER.

...ere are so many swimmers who find that ...can keep their heads above water and can ...a certain amount of progress, and there- ...ease to trouble any further about their ... swimming. Their opinion of the ... ceased to practise as soon as he ..., or the rifle-shot who considered ... attained when he could find the target, ...ld not be a very high one, but when once ... say "I can swim," that is ... them.

...rner, of course, begins with the breast ... This is the simplest, for the actions of ... of the body are symmetrical, and it ... useful as far as keeping afloat for ...th of time or supporting someone else ... are concerned.

...great drawback of the breast stroke is that ...ible to make any great pace with it, ... the resistance to the water offered ... chest. This can be overcome to some ex- ... by allowing the lower part of the face to ...sink in the water during each stroke, and hold- ...ing the breath, so that the body being filled with ...air rises towards the surface into a more or less ...horizontal position.

LEVEL AND TIMING.

...The ... swimmer, you will have observed, ...by ... stroke he is using, progresses rather ...than by skimming along or just beneath the surface ...tion and striking upwards, as so many begin- ...ners do.

...The most important thing in swimming, as ...in a petrol or gas engine, is "timing," and this ...can only come by practice. Arms and legs ...must work in unison, but the breath must also ...be ... exactly the right moment, just as ... must appear at the right moment to ... in the cylinder.

...se and instinct will show the correct ... take breath to be just after the finish ...e stroke, but in all swimming regularity ...reathing is the first essential.

...The ... stroke need not be described in ...for it is safe to assume that the ...y readers are acquainted with it. ...the advantage that it can be practised on ...nd, and as a physical culture exercise it ...few equals. The arm motions can be per- ...formed in a standing position, and as the be- ...ginner will largely depend on them he should ...take advantage of this. But with the expert ...swimmer it is the legs that do most of the work.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE LEG STROKE.

You should be able to do either the breast stroke or the back stroke with the arms folded. In life-saving, of course, you and your burden are dependent entirely upon your legs.

The next thing the beginner must set about learning is how to swim on his back. The energy expended on the breast stroke would make it impossible for all but the trained long-distance swimmer to keep going for any great length of time without an occasional spell of floating or gentle paddling on the back.

To be able to float is essential to the swimmer who is subject to cramp, and always gives a sense of security. When the lungs are completely filled with air the bodies of most people are lighter than the amount of water they displace, so that it needs no effort to keep afloat—especially in salt water—as long as you lie still. When learning to float on the back, the arms should be extended beyond the head, and the legs drawn up until the feet are as nearly as possible beneath the body, so as to bring the centre of gravity nearer to the inflated chest.

When by practice you have learnt the secret of balance in the water you will have no difficulty in floating with the arms by the sides and legs extended, keeping the head and body in a straight line. By taking breath gently and regularly and never quite emptying the lungs you can keep afloat for hours.

THE BACK STROKE.

The back-stroke should be practised as much as possible without the hands, as it is most useful in life-saving. The action of the leg is the same for almost all varieties of swimming on the back, and very similar to that of the ordinary breast stroke, but the hands may be used in several different ways, the best for gentle progress being to extend the arms by the sides and use the hands like fins. To get up any pace on the back, the best method is to swing the arms from the shoulder like paddle wheels, so that they are driven through the water from just above the head to the hips, and return to the starting position through the air without taking any of the "way" off.

The swimmer who has mastered all the above strokes knows all he needs as far as keeping himself afloat, or reaching dry land from a capsized boat, is concerned. But if he intends to compete in races, or is to be prepared to reach a drowning person quickly enough to be of any practical use, there are three other strokes which he must learn—the "overarm" and "crawl" strokes, the origin of whose names is obvious, and the "trudgeon" stroke, named after Mr. J. Trudgeon, who introduced it into England after having seen it used by the South American Indians.

TRUDGEON, OVERARM AND CRAWL.

To practise the latter stroke, lie on the water on your chest and use the arms alternately, one being by the side, while the other is brought into the water straight in front of your head and driven back through the water to the hips.

The leg-stroke is practically the same as for the overarm and side strokes, the top leg bending but slightly at the knee, and the kick being a quick one.

The overarm stroke should, except for the back-stroke, be the next step after the breast stroke, for it is really a development of it, the arms working together, and the main difference being simply that the swimmer lies on the side and brings one arm out of the water between the strokes instead of through it. It is this avoidance of the resistance of the water when the arms are coming forward that makes these three more complicated strokes superior in speed to the breast stroke. In the "crawl," the swimmer skims the surface of the water, the legs are scarcely bent, but are lifted out of the water, and struck downwards so that the water is hit with the instep and front of the foot, thus pushing the body forward while the opposite hand is pulling.

The crawl stroke is exceptionally fast owing to the slight resistance, since all the limbs are at some time out of the water.

The only way to pick up these strokes is to watch good swimmers very carefully, and then to practise hard yourself. But be careful to attain perfection in one stroke before you go on to a more difficult one. R. F. JACKSON.

THE NEW AUSTRALIANS.

By ROBERT ABEL.

(The Famous Cricketer.)

The present Australian team are, perhaps, stronger in batting than any previous one.

Already we know that old stagers like Armstrong, Cotter, and Trumper, are in excellent fettle, but the surprise has been a man whom the English public know very little about. I refer to Warren Bardsley, the most brilliant left-hander that New South Wales has sent here for a long time. He has come on very rapidly indeed, for he got his first opportunity against the England team led by A. O. Jones, scoring 104.

Since then he has gone on from one triumph to another, and Nottingham, Northampton, and Essex batsman are full of praise, and say that he has come to stay and to be a power in international cricket.

Vernon Seymour Ransford, is the best left-handed batsman of Victoria, and first appeared in International Cricket at the age of seventeen, at Melbourne against England. He made his earliest century against Queensland, but the last two years he has made two hundreds in each innings both against South Australia and New South Wales, a feat which no other Victorian has ever equalled.

He has already ten centuries to his credit, and his timing is excellent. He makes his strokes in a very crisp way and, once settled down, he scores all round the wicket. Much of his success is due to Carpenter of Essex, who was engaged by the Melbourne Club for two or three years.

Another splendid batsman is Roger Hartigan, who represents Queensland. It was in the third Test Match at Adelaide that he became prominent on the first opportunity he ever had, and he is one of the very select band who have made a hundred in their initial Test Match. He is brilliant in the slips and his thoroughness reminds one of A. O. Jones. Few opportunities have come to him, but he has made the most of them.

Peter McAlister is the oldest member of the side, and for twenty-one years he has been a member of the East Melbourne Club, and for the last ten years has done remarkably well with an average of nearly 40 in what are termed the States games. As Vice-Captain he is likely to do good work in the arduous times before him.

Turning to the bowlers, J. A. O'Connor is certainly a veteran. He bowls right-handed, medium pace. He performed wonderfully well against the last English team, and many think he ought to have been here a year ago. He is a master of the art of variation and can keep pegging away for an indefinite time.

W. Whittey is very young and a left-hander. His selection caused a great deal of surprise, and he favourably impressed those who saw him in the early matches.

C. G. McCartney is an all-round player and has any amount of confidence. He is the midget of the side, and is a native of West Maitland. He is an aggressive and stylish batsman, with plenty of strokes on the off-side, and he is a most accurate and steady left-handed bowler. He also does great things in the long field. He has the power to time the ball well and was always useful in the Test Matches. There are those who consider that he ought to prove himself worthy to rank with the greatest players which have come from the Commonwealth.

The assistant wicket-keeper is W. Carkeek, who is small, very smart and very plucky with the bat. He probably owes his choice to the latter fact, for there are several very good men in the Colonies.

Carter is the new chief stumper; he is a Yorkshireman, hailing from Halifax, and can make a lot of runs with the bat.

Whatever the new chums are able to do, Noble, the greatest and most impartial of captains, will see they can do, and I have no doubt the results will be eminently satisfactory.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

XIV. THE EMBANKMENT BY NIGHT.

Many people think that only the scum of humanity foregathers on the Embankment when London sleeps, but that is not my experience.

True, if you spend a night on the Embankment, either from curiosity or stern necessity, you will make the acquaintance of dreadful creatures of either sex, things so debased, so besotted, so brutalised, that it is difficult to believe that they were ever human, still more incredible that beneath that horrid shell of dirt, disease, and unspeakable depravity there somewhere lurks a human soul.

Yes, carrion is to be found on the Embankment; dreadful shapes gibber at you from the shadows; wolfish eyes glare at you, and even claw-like hands are stretched forth, writhing like the tentacles of some loathsome octopus, as you pass along, seeking a refuge for numbed and failing limbs.

A cursory inspection of the Embankment by night might leave you with the impression that it is the haunt of the pariah, the prostitute, the pickpocket, but that would be a false conclusion.

The criminal and the vicious seldom fall so low that they have not some sheltering kennel to creep to; your professional beggar and rogue would scorn the idea of sleeping on the Embankment when there are philanthropic institutions by the score devoted to the solving of the unsolvable, pouring out money like water in the vain and useless effort to reclaim the irreclaimable, to redeem the irredeemable, to reconcile the irreconcilable.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

It is a common reproach against our charity that it is haphazard and seldom reaches the deserving, and the sad sojourners on the Embankment by night justify that reproach, for the majority of them are honest, worthy people, victims of misfortune, unhappy sports of cruel chance, the helpless prey of an unjust and rotten social system, living examples of that inhumanity of man to man which makes countless thousands mourn, terrible reproaches to the much vaunted civilisation and progress of a smug and hypocritical nation.

That broad-shouldered young chap there, what do you make of him? His face is gaunt and haggard, his eyes have all the patient resignation of a suffering dog; he is the very epitome of apathy, of dull despair. Yet he suggests better and manlier things.

Speak to him; he will shrink away at first, but let him see that you are neither tract-slinger nor impertinent Paul Pry and you will learn his history, part of which you will already have guessed from his soft, western accent.

LONDON THE LODESTAR.

London was the fatal magnet that drew him from his Devon home, from the bench where he learned to put all his heart and soul into the dull wood his fingers fashioned so cunningly.

A skilled workman, nay more, an artist. But who wants honest work nowadays? Who is willing to pay for it? Not a vulgar and shoddy generation, bitten with an insane craze for the cheap and ineffably nasty products of indifferent, often fraudulent foreign labour.

He might go to the workhouse, but rather death than that. Once he got inside a Salvation Army shelter, only to break away and run. If he must die, let him die in the open, under God's sky. Ashamed to go home, too proud to beg, he sits and sits, the unjust victim of cheap, foreign labour. There are many like him on the Embankment by night.

Ah, you, madam, who buy furniture that in six months will not be worth the price of kindling wood, does it never occur to you what a criminal fool you are? It is not merely that you pay an exorbitant price, for all the alleged cheapness, for a worthless article; you are trafficking in human blood and human souls; the saving, which is no saving, means want and misery to thousands of your fellow-countrymen and fellow countrywomen.

The vulgar, low-minded, goose-brained suburban dame, who fills her house with shoddy, who expects real oak at the price of deal, who will not pay a fair price for good work, she it is who peoples the Embankment by night with honest British artizans.

That pale-faced woman there. Unmistakably a lady for all her sorry rags. For many years, Madame Suburbia, she taught your children at a wage that the under housemaid would have refused with scorn, and her working hours would have made even a Polish Jew sweater blink.

THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.

She served you long and faithfully, almost succeeding in the impossible task of instilling some decency of thought and conduct into your snobbish brood, and then, her task accomplished, you turned her adrift, indifferent to her fate. The idea that a governess is a fellow-creature is one that could never sink beneath the surface of that stagnant pool you call your mind.

What chance has the old governess now? For a while after you turned her out she was in clover; she got a whole shilling an hour for teaching the pork-butchers' daughters to murder Mendelssohn. But Mrs. Pork-butcher found she could get a foreign nobleman in disguise to come for sixpence an hour, and so she went.

That old chap there, respectability written in every line of his face, what brings him to the Embankment? Again the criminal craze for cheapness. For many years he had kept the books of the firm and kept them well, and then one morning he gave way to a girl who, thanks to living rent and board free at home, could afford to take half his salary.

THE REQUITAL.

Away with him! Let him rot! He has served his turn. Dividends must be maintained. Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost—that is the cry to-day. A noble, inspiriting cry, is it not?

But I do not believe the devil will take the hindmost. Rather do I think he will fasten his talons in the fat carcase of the successful sweater, and drag him down into a very deep and special hell.

God will take the hindmost from the dreadful Embankment, and, let me say in all reverence, already Christ, His Son, walks there by night.

He does not come in majesty, but just as He once was—a common, working man.

If you know the Embankment, you will know that frequently it is visited by a band of noble men, who, their long day's manual toil over, cheerfully set out from a far-distant suburb to visit and to succour their helpless fellow creatures of the Embankment, cheerfully trudging all the long miles home again, their task accomplished.

Food they bring, these splendid Good Samaritans of the bench, the forge, the factory, and what is more than food, they bring with them an infinite sympathy and understanding.

They know as I know, that the Embankment by night is not altogether the haunt of wastrels; that there you will find the genuine unemployed, sitting patient, resigned, while the bogus unemployed are fed and cossetted by fashionable philanthropists anxious for cheap advertisement.

There is a silver lining to every cloud; drear and dreadful though the Embankment by night may be, it has its bright spot—that little band of working chaps who out of their scanty re[illegible] and leisure make means and time to help [illegible] who have fallen by the way.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

But those who are responsible for the Embankment by night—sweating employers, [illegible] before patriotism, skimping snobs of [illegible] tresses, dividend-grabbing, [illegible] capitalists, the whole infamous, dirty crew [illegible] batten on their fellow creatures—am I impious if I pray that one day God will smite them, and make them endure torments a thousand times more hellish than those of the poor wretches that huddle on the benches of the Embankment by night, casting fearful eyes at the dark, flowing river that seems their only hope of rest?

PETER GILCHRIST.

HE'S MY PAL.

A SKETCH OF FRIENDSHIP.

He's helped to make me. He's only an [illegible] nary sort of fellow, but he's a man.

He's a sportsman.

He can beat me in a sprint or a [illegible] all the same I put all I know into it while we're at it, and when we're through I'm as pleased at being licked by a good man as he is at winning.

At wrestling I get my own back.

Most times I throw him, but he's game [illegible] fights hard.

Once when I'd had every fall for about a night I let him pin me by a waist hold and [illegible] heel.

He didn't seem satisfied.

It was so easy.

I don't think he's forgiven me yet.

He doesn't talk much. Neither do I. [illegible] we were out together we would go a [illegible] say nothing, but could read each [illegible] book.

Once I was out of work for three [illegible] I used to go round to his digs of [illegible] after a weary day at work-hunting.

One night after trying all I knew for a [illegible] on an empty stomach, I landed in his room.

I was "whacked," beaten, done [illegible]

I had a damned big lump in my [illegible] got to my eyes somehow.

He looked away all the [illegible] to me, and spent five minutes looking [illegible] photos neither of us wanted to see.

[illegible] self again by then.

That's one of the things I like him [illegible]

He "twigged," of course, but he's a man.

He's a man.

We're miles apart now, but he's [illegible]

We don't write many letters, and [illegible] do write are short, but each can read [illegible] what isn't written, and each knows [illegible] is living clean for his pal's sake as well as [illegible] own.

When we parted we just "gripped" [illegible] looked each other in the eyes for a second or so, and said, "So long, old chap!" and that's good enough for any man.

When we next meet we won't have a drink together either.

It's odds on we'll go and have a swim or [illegible] half-an-hour on the mat or with the gloves.

That half-hour will bridge over the months (or years, it may be) quite effectually, and then we'll talk a bit over what's happened, and then [illegible]

I enjoy that meeting daily in anticipation, and so does he, you bet.

He's a sportsman. He's a man.

He's my pal.

T. BATES.

Sea-Fishing by Night

YOU MAY ENJOY SPORT WHILE OTHERS SLEEP.

I have got on my oldest clothes, my upper man being enveloped in a blue, knitted guernsey, my legs in thick trousers, long thick stockings, and long waterproof boots. My two companions are similarly clad, for we are off for a night's sea-fishing, and it is more folly, not hardiness, not to wrap up warmly.

Fine sport, sea-fishing by night, with just a spice of danger in it, there being always some risk of being run down by a passing vessel.

Not that there should be any real danger in clear weather, if you have the proper lights burning, namely, a red lantern on the mast-head, and a lantern at bow and stern respectively. Still fog may deprive you of the latter, and the possibility of danger lends piquancy to the natural delights of sport by night.

First among the peculiar charms of night-fishing I should place the probability of catching a big fish. For some reason unknown to me, the biggest fish feed by night in preference to the day, and your luck must be dead out if, when you return in the morning, you do not bring with you something big enough to make even the longshoremen stare.

THE ROMANCE OF IT.

[illegible] especially beautiful by [illegible] mood, and you must be a [illegible] if you do not feel the romance [illegible] of a night at sea.

[illegible] is a 14 footer, of good beam, a [illegible]e, seaworthy vessel, rigged with lug- and small mizzen.

To-night, however, there is no breeze, so we [illegible] our chosen ground, while it is yet [illegible] up the shore "marks" by [illegible] our position, anchor and [illegible]s.

[illegible]ines, each carrying four hooks, [illegible] with small pieces of fresh fish, [illegible], whelks, sand-worms, and so on, [illegible]n overboard.

[illegible]et, but already the fish are biting [illegible]. The evening is the best time for catching [illegible] and soon [illegible] have several good-sized [illegible]s handsome fish. To them are [illegible] added a 10lb. pollack, whom you shall [illegible] by his blue back, a grunting gurnard or two, and some smaller fry.

HARD WORK.

We are [illegible] busy hauling up the lines, unhooking the fish and rebaiting, and the time flies quickly away. The air grows chill, and we heat up the coffee, which we have brought ready-made in a covered can, over the little spirit lamp. Tom, the boatman, prefers rum, but, while I am no teetotaler, there is nothing like hot coffee for making and *keeping* one warm.

My line is taken voraciously. Ah, I thought it is Madame Hake, whom fishermen often call the female cod. Something of a Tartar this lady, possessed of an insatiable appetite, and exceedingly strong and sharp jaws, which make one mighty careful when unhooking her ladyship.

Now, Tom, my companion, is fast in something, but whether a rock or a whale he is not quite sure. However, he hauls steadily on the line, and at last the "something" begins to give. And then with a wicked whirling and splashing up comes the Sea Serpent. At least, one may be pardoned that first impression, for a 15 foot conger eel seen by the dim light of a boat's lantern is a mighty terrifying spectacle.

Get his head just over the side, Tom, but for the Lord's sake no further. Now, boatman, your knife, and give him his quietus with a deep cut into the back of the neck!

More conger, though none so big as the first, more bream and pollack, a stray mackerel or so, and the fun continues fast and furious.

We are fishing on rocky bottom, but now we shift to another and sandy spot, and meet with different sport.

A huge cod is the first catch of importance. Then we have a stroke of luck and a fine turbot, a fish more usually taken by the trawl net. Lively young codlings, flounders, skate, and brill go to swell the tale.

MY PRIZE.

The sport is so good that we have scarcely time to keep our pipes alight, and hold our coffee mugs with one hand, while hauling up with the other.

The best sport, however, comes with the early morning. Mr. Conger gave Tom a good fight, but I have something on my line now worth all the congers in the world. Whew! He is a rare fighter this chap, but my tackle is good, and willy nilly he comes to the surface and the boat's side; the boatman has the gaff all ready, and in a trice the spoil is landed—a fine bass, or sea-perch, as some call him.

At last, just when the very early bathers are beginning to emerge, we row ashore, rather tired, more than a bit stiff, but happy, and with ravening appetites which we shall presently satisfy with at least some portion of our good night's work. H. Lee.

WHY ARE SAILORS FAT?

It is noticeable if you visit any town such as Portsmouth or Dover, where you find both sailors and soldiers in large numbers, that the men of the sea are very much stouter than their comrades of the land.

Nobody seems to know the reason for this. Perhaps the grub served to Jack may be of a more nourishing character than that given to Tommy, but certainly it is not better either in quality or quantity.

The fresh air of the sea, daily breathed in by Jack Tar, has been given as one explanation; but that can hardly be the right one because you do not find the same bulk in ordinary merchant sailors.

Perhaps the cause of the phenomenon is partly to be found in the sailor's loose fitting attire, and perhaps he is not always so fat as he looks, or it may be just his unfailing good-temper that does it.

Whatever may be the reason, there can be no doubt that our Jack Tars are amongst the best made men at present to be found, and if any artist wanted a sitter for a portrait of a typical John Bull, he could not do better than draw an able-bodied seaman from one of our men-o'-war.

WHAT WE CAN DO.

The following is a letter from Mr. C. H. Brooke, 7, Cookridge Street, Leeds, in reference to the Readers' Sale and Exchange page:

"*It might interest you to know that I had nearly 50 replies to an advertisement I had in a fortnight ago.*"

If you want to buy or sell anything that concerns men, page 3 of cover is the place for your announcement. It need not cost you more than a shilling.

HOLIDAY CAMP TIPS.

FOR THE MAN WHO CONTEMPLATES AN OUT-OF-DOORS VACATION.

The novice who is about to endure for the first time the hardships and the pleasures of a holiday under canvas, has much to learn; and if he has not an old campaigner with him to put him up to the ropes, he generally has to learn them by bitter experience.

The pitching of the tent will be the first difficulty he has to face, and if this is done just "anyhow" it may take a very long time and the result will be anything but satisfactory.

The best method with an Army bell-tent is as follows. Having selected your spot, drive in a peg where the centre of the tent should come. Now take the two halves of the pole and fix them together. Lay the pole on the ground with one end against the peg, so that it is in line with where the centre of the door will come. Then move it through an angle of 45 degrees to either side, still keeping one end against the centre peg, and drive in a peg at the other end.

Now shift it through another right angle in the same direction, drive in another peg, and so on, until you have four pegs driven in at regular intervals.

Next take the tent out of its bag and unfold it until it is spread out flat with the door on top. Insert the pole, taking care to push it right home into the cap at the top. Undo the four guide ropes, which are distinguished by the wooden runners being painted red.

One man now takes the pole and raises the tent, setting the feet against the centre peg, while the others—four if possible, though it is possible for two to pitch a tent—take the four guide ropes and put them on the pegs.

The tent will now stand by itself, and one man can put the rest of the pegs in unaided.

It is worth while remembering that the diameter of the space occupied by one bell-tent, including its guide ropes, is exactly twice the length of the pole.

When lacing up the tent for the night, don't forget to do so with the windward flap outside the other. This will prevent a draught blowing in at the door during the night. The skirting of the tent below the door should be left open for ventilation.

In the morning brail up the flies all round, tying each string with a bow which is easily undone. If this is done daily the air in the tent can always be kept fresh.

If your tent stands alone, and you are encamped for any length of time, shift all the ropes periodically on to the next peg, so as to bring the door to a slightly different position, and prevent a sort of quagmire being formed on the ground at the entrance.

The washing up of plates and knives is usually a matter of some difficulty to the novice. The best way of cleaning a greasy plate is to take a lump of earth, or failing that a newspaper, and scour it well. Don't forget to put some soda in the water, and never throw away water in which anything has been boiled. Hot water must be economised in camp, and it will do perfectly well for a preliminary wash-up and will lighten the work enormously.

Use plates of enamelled iron, which are unbreakable, and do not attempt to take china ones. Much trouble is saved by using the bottom of the plate for the second course.

Knives should always be cleaned by digging them vigorously into the ground before washing them, and if the forks are strong enough, the same treatment is best for them also.

In order to hang a lantern or clothes on the tent pole, if you have not one of those handy clips or straps made for the purpose, take a couple of pegs, or even three or four, and lash them point uppermost to the pole, so that they splay out in different directions. As it is difficult to secure them firmly, the whole contrivance may be supported by the string hanging from the hole at the top of the pole, which should be there to tie the two halves of it together when not in use. M. H. Allan.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

A MILITARY SKETCH.

By "CHINSTRAP."

I have his photograph before me as I write. It shows a tall, well-proportioned man in the prime of life, clad in a resplendent uniform.

For the rest, he is dark of hair, eye, and heavy drooping moustachios, and strong and aquiline of nose and feature.

But his uniform! It was of his own design, and he wore it when he was Commander-in-Chief of the Malagasy Army. The tunic is of the Hussar pattern, but the heavy gold lace with which it is literally covered is waved instead of being straight, and you can hardly see the wood for the trees—in other words, the lace almost completely obscures the scarlet tunic.

The nether man is encased in sky blue pantaloons and Hessian boots. By his side hangs a heavily jewelled and ornamented sword. On his breast are two or three medals, around his neck the cordon of the Order of the Malagasy Goat. To crown all, there is a silver and gilt helmet surmounted by a winged device.

Such is the outer man of "General" Guy de Montmorency—the names are mythical, but he was not—soldier of fortune, journalist, free lance, auctioneer, courtier, professional gambler, one time a King.

His claims to the title of "General" were a trifle shadowy. I believe he did serve in some capacity with the Prussians in the Franco-German war, but I fancy he drew upon his imagination when he described himself as having commanded an army corps at Sedan.

If he had never held a commission in our own regular army, however, he had undoubtedly seen much hard irregular fighting, and the "General's" medals were honourably won.

In one of our little Colonial wars he raised and commanded a body of irregulars who did right good service, and in connection with whom a good story is told.

His men were a pretty tough lot, and, walking through camp one day, the "General" passed a man who failed, obviously of malice aforethought, to salute him.

"Why don't you salute me?" said the "General."

"Because I'm as good a man as you are," was the retort.

"We'll see about that," said the "General," taking off his coat, and there and then he gave the insolent trooper a severe drubbing.

Next morning he had the man up before him at Orderly Room and fined him 10s. for "fighting in camp."

Discipline thus vindicated, the "General" himself paid the fine, shook hands with his crestfallen adversary and stood him a big drink.

My own acquaintance with the "General"—I should have said that everybody called him the "General"—began when he called on our mess one day out in South Africa, and ended by staying with us for three months.

That will give you some idea of his fascinating personality. He just dropped in on us to leave a card, but somehow or other—nobody quite knew how—he stayed on as an honoured and most welcome guest, and for three months!

To give you any real idea of the man, however, I find impossible. I can only say that he possessed an excellent "presence," a delightful "manner," and a mesmeric tongue.

An adventurer, ay, but I have known many a worse man than the "General." He certainly drank hard (his dignity when in liquor was a thing to weep tears of joy over); I daresay he had been mixed up in some pretty shady transactions. But he played the game with us. He could easily have rooked us youngsters, who idolised him, at games of skill and chance, but he never tried to prey on our innocence, although I know he was mighty hard up at the time.

Dear old boy! Well do I remember the afternoon you invited me into the quarters we had lent you, promising to show me something worth seeing.

From a despatch box you took a portentous-looking document which, examining it at your request, I found to be a draft of a treaty between France on the one part, and Madagascar on the other.

Pointing to a paragraph about two and a half lines in length you requested me to read it carefully.

I did so, and strove to look impressed, though to my unseeing eyes the paragraph in question did not appear to be excessively important.

"My boy," you said in a voice that was husky with emotion and the mess port, "when I was Prime Minister of Madagascar, the French offered me two and a half millions sterling to delete that paragraph. And"—with a supreme gesture—"I wouldn't do it."

Then you tried to sell me a pair of misfit riding boots for thirty shillings!

Just what took you to Madagascar in the first instance I do not know. Certain it is, however, that you rose to be Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, virtual King of that island.

Indeed, according to some accounts, you secretly married the native Queen; scandalous rumour, on the other hand, alleges that you ought to have done so, but didn't.

Be that as it may, you were at one time a power in the Malagasy land, and the true story of your fall is known to none.

It is said, however, that as Lord High Admiral you decided that your fleet must have a battleship and that you came to England with the money to buy one.

It appears to be true that you took the lower half of a West-End hotel and there established an Embassy, although your credentials as an Ambassador were not officially recognised by the Court of St. James.

At certain West-End haunts where adventurers do congregate, they still talk of the style you kept at your palatial lodging. There were flunkeys by the gross; major-domos by the score; aide-de-camps by the dozen. Great ladies figured at your official receptions.

Despite the coldness of the authorities, the Malagasy Ambassador and Plenipotentiary-in-Chief was a great success.

Then comes an hiatus.

It is said that when at last the Malagasy received their battleship it had by some extraordinary process been transformed into an old wooden hulk, and that they vainly sought news of you in London or anywhere.

It is further said that by some freakish turn of fortune's wheel a vessel in which you were voyaging to South Africa was driven out of her course and wrecked on the coast of Madagascar, where the ungrateful inhabitants promptly seized you, cast you into prison, and vehemently pronounced their intention of beheading you [illegible] with.

Then there is a pretty hint of drugged [illegible], a weeping Queen, an open boat, and you [illegible] next heard of peddling ostrich feathers [illegible] Market Square of Johannesburg.

It was after these stirring events that I met you, and then I lost sight of you until once more we met, this time at Buluwayo, where you were now partner in a flourishing auctioneer's business.

The story of how you got into that business is characteristic of you.

You were right down on your luck, "broke to the wide"—any term you like, descriptive of absolute poverty.

You had crowded auctioneering into your many other experiences and you calmly proposed to this Buluwayan auctioneer, who was a young man, that he should take you into partnership in return for your experience.

You kept on pestering him until at last, knowing your financial condition and half in joke, he exclaimed: "Look here, 'General,' you bring me £2,000 and you shall have the partnership"—£2,000 being a good deal more than it was worth.

Then you went to Cecil Rhodes, who was then in Buluwayo, and pitched him such a yarn about the services you had rendered to the colony during the Matabele Rebellion that he advanced you the £2,000, and with it you went to the auctioneer and claimed and got your partnership.

When I last saw you it was at a West-End club, and I was sorry. Your once erect figure was bowed; your eyes were more than a little watery, your hand was tremulous. But you were quite confident of making a couple of millions within the next three days, and I cheerfully advanced the two sovereigns necessary to complete your operations.

In a way I was glad not long afterwards to hear of your death. I should not like to think of you as a broken-down old man, which way you were trending.

I prefer to think of you as I see you in your photograph—resplendent, handsome, debonair. A soldier of fortune, but none the less a gentleman.

IN THE QUEUE.

That theatre going is a delightful pastime most will admit, but if you come to consider exactly in what lies your pleasure, you will find that it is not all from behind the footlights that it comes. A large part of your enjoyment is due to the opportunities for observing your fellow men and women; you see them inside the theatre, listen to them and watch them, and you also have an exceptional opportunity for observing them in the queue as you wait outside, for there there is nothing else to attract your attention.

Here you observe human nature in its most selfish and generous aspects. You see the young man who gives up his place in order that a couple who come behind him may stand side by side until the doors open. You see another who endeavours to jostle in front of an old lady and oust her from her proper position.

You hear remarks passed that reveal more of life than does the best written novel; girls, particularly young ones, are excited at the prospect of viewing the play, and they say more to those accompanying them than anything would tempt them to do under other circumstances.

In the gutter, too, there is life to be seen. Here is a man with a large nose and a weak chin, playing a mandoline, and singing while there is an old nigger minstrel with a white eye spinning ancient yarns and grinning at his jests, but yet the note of sorrow is to be detected both in his voice and in his expression.

For the man who desires to see it there is no place where life may better be observed than in a theatre queue.

The wait before the play is sometimes the best part of all the evening.

SHEER FUN

AN EVENING OF RELAXATION.

Have you ever given up an hour to the sheer fun, with just a touch of mischief in it, but without the faintest trace of an atom of harm?

The impulse probably comes to you only occasionally. To some men it never comes at all. They are the men who are invariably stupid and bloodless in their youth and who are hen-pecked by their wives when they marry. Not being one of that sort you naturally find that when you give yourself up to the sheer enjoyment of animal spirits.

[illegible] is the best time for this type of [illegible]ing, for it clothes you, along with the [illegible]ings of the earth, with a mantle of [illegible], modified perhaps by a high-sailing [illegible].

The night of sheer fun that I enjoyed was one of this sort.

IT ALL BEGAN.

[illegible] that if you suggest that I or my [illegible] had been drinking; we had not. But [illegible] possessed of a boyish spirit of mischief, [illegible] were all grown men, midway [illegible] and thirty.

[illegible] guilty of leading off the ball by suggesting that three of us should go down to the [illegible].

[illegible] across a meadow to the shed which [illegible] up by the District Council for the [illegible]mers, so that they may change [illegible] with all decency; but as we [illegible] the platform in the front of the [illegible] seemed very cold and wet, and [illegible] our minds.

[illegible] determined that we should wash our feet [illegible]. We did not even do that, for, as we approached the water's edge, we discovered an [illegible].

[illegible]ing offends you," said one of us, [illegible] and, suiting the action to the [illegible] down, grasped two of the uprights and tore it from the ground.

A MEMENTO.

[illegible] of remarkable strength, and [illegible] the performance by bending the iron [illegible] as your finger, this way and that. [illegible] to break me off a memento of the [illegible]casion and he broke a bit off one of [illegible]erse bars at the bottom of the fence [illegible]ot in length and thick enough to seem [illegible]ble. I have it now, suspended by a [illegible] wire on the wall of my den to remind me of many years of a pleasant evening. [illegible] think there was a single lamp-post in [illegible] that we did not climb, and we made [illegible]t discovery that it was possible to reach the red triangles surmounting motor [illegible] signal [illegible]. Accordingly we turned [illegible]—not that this did any harm, for [illegible] the slightest attention to these [illegible].

[illegible] that our strong man, the [illegible] most kittenish of the three, declared language strong against the unutterquietness of the village. As it was some [illegible]ter midnight, perhaps this quietness was a matter for surprise.

[illegible]liven things up, he laid his cap on the [illegible] an imaginary audience. [illegible] cap the lump of iron fence [illegible] contribution.

[illegible] there, you boys!" he urged upon [illegible]. "Make a ring, good people! You can all see if you don't stand too close."

After much bowing this way and that, he put his hand on his cap as if he were going to perform a feat which had never previously been accomplished. Then he used the cap simply as a pivot, ran round it once, and then bowed to the supposed audience with all the self-confidence of an animal performer who is trying to gain credit for the feat of one of his victims.

At this interesting stage of the proceedings, we heard the measured crunch-crunch of an approaching policeman's feet, and, as Shakespeare says, we determined to take time by the fetlock (Shakespeare was a horsey man), and we scampered down the village street, our strong man having recovered his cap, and I having regained my iron memento.

There were bells to ring if we felt so disposed, but they might have caused alarm of fire, and, as I say, we were out for fun and not mischief.

When we were quite sure that the policeman had been left well in the rear, we joined hands round a lamp-post and, singing that beautiful melody "Here we go round the mulberry bush," we pranced round in a circle like the frisking lambs of spring.

That was the end of it.

THE DISAPPOINTING LACK OF CLIMAX.

It is a pity that these bright evenings tail off so miserably. One feels that there should be some climax, some event that would form a suitable conclusion to them, but they generally collapse prosaically.

All the same they are worth experiencing. You can call it damfoolishness if you like, you can call it merely childish and despise your humble writer for this confession, but I challenge my detractors by asking whether they have always taken their amusements as innocently?

For the time being we were children, I admit, but the man who at times can be a child in spirit, is more likely than another to have something of the childish innocence of heart, and that is worth having. C. Beck George.

ACCENT.

Local accent is one of the most charming things in life.

It is the ignorant Cockney who jeers at the man from Scotland or Lancashire, and it is only by the ignorant in these districts that he is himself jeered at.

To the student of men and things the local accent has always an irresistible charm; it brings with it a breath of a strange land, and conjures up to the mind's eye people different from those one is accustomed to meeting.

Local accent in its crudest form may be jarring to the ear, but when modified it is always pleasant. No attempt should be made to eliminate it altogether, but merely to round off its corners.

The man who designedly retains a local accent, and who perhaps exaggerates it, is a bounder of the worst description; he ought to allow the accent to be modified, as nature meant it to be, by his surroundings; the right amount will stick to him without any trouble on his part.

Take, for example, the man with the University accent. Nobody has it in a more marked degree than the boy who has newly gone to college.

But after he leaves 'Varsity his style of speech is modified and his accent becomes what is generally accepted as the best pronunciation of English. All elements of affectation have disappeared.

BUSINESS CYCLING.

SOME PRACTICAL TIPS.

The humble bicycle has proved an inestimable boon to the modern business and professional man. Many of our readers, no doubt, cycle in connection with their daily vocation, and certainly there are others who would profit by so doing. It is to them that these remarks are especially commended.

Probably the most important point to be observed is in securing a suitable machine at the outset. A bicycle which has a propensity for smothering its rider in mud, or which is uncomfortable, dangerous, or difficult to handle in heavy traffic, is of no use to the business cyclist.

Thus we see at once that the machine must be a roadster model, preferably of the "full" or "all-weather" type. Such a bicycle is equipped with all those accessories which make for enjoyable and beneficial business riding.

It will have full roadster tyres; and when it is essential to do a minimum of puncture-mending, I strongly recommend the special or tandem grade which most large manufacturers now catalogue. With these tyres and fair luck one can ride over bad roads for months without a puncture.

The machine should have a horizontal top-bar and flat handle-bars. These conduce to comfortable riding and easy steering.

A well-sprung roadster saddle is necessary, and when much traffic has to be negotiated, a really loud and simple acting bell is recommended.

As one has often to accelerate speed rapidly, the gear of the bicycle should be moderately low, say 70, or a variable gear giving such a ratio should be fitted. Suddenly attaining speed on a high gear means hard work and general discomfort. Brakes should be of the best, and I strongly recommend the popular roller-lever pattern.

Some bicycles are worse than others as regards mud-slinging, but such a type as I have recommended should not offend in this respect; in fact it is one of the best for both business and all-round riders.

There should also be a gearcase. This fitment is seen to best advantage on a business cycle, as not only does it protect the chain and thus avoid the necessity for frequent cleaning, but it allows the cyclist to ride without trouser-clips.

Many business riders supplement their ordinary mudguards, in wet weather, by fitting the auxiliary leather side-flap guards now sold, and from experience I can say that they are worth their price and weight. The front guard should have a wide flap extension.

Now a word as to clothing. On such a machine as here outlined one should be able to ride in full business attire quite comfortably, but when practicable I advise the substitution of a Norfolk cycling jacket for the orthodox lounge coat of the office. This should certainly be done when the office coat is the more sedate and easily damageable frock. A cap should replace bowler or silk hat, with woollen gloves for the hands.

This being done, the full business rig can be donned, fresh and unsoiled, on arrival at the office. You will also ride in greater comfort and look better awheel.

Always carry a cape, long enough to hang well over the handle-bar, and waterproof leggings. With these you will be adequately protected from any storm.

Regarding the appearance of the machine, you must not be too strict. Many riders favour the now popular all black mount, and this certainly avoids rust, and an occasional rub down keeps it quite presentable.

In traffic riding, keep a clear head and do nothing rash. Look in front of you and be perceptive. Never ride at excessive speed, be particularly careful on tram lines and slippery streets, and always observe the rule of the road.

Handled with reasonable care, the cycle is as safe a vehicle in traffic as any. O. E. Seyd.

THE TRUFFLE HUNTER.

A JOB FOR THE LOVER OF NATURE.

Of all quaint occupations carried on in scattered districts of rural England that of truffle hunting is the most extraordinary. It exhibits one of the strangest examples of co-operation between a man and his dogs, and in this, if in nothing more, it is peculiarly interesting.

It helps to show that within certain limitations there is little reason why man and dog should not establish the most complete confidence and mutual understanding. Certainly the knowledge which the truffle hunter shares with his two or three little white poodles is of a very high order.

Both parties to the hunt seem to know exactly what is going forward, and thus they are able to work with success and profit. The man could certainly do nothing without his trained pack; though the dogs, once they had acquired the scent of, and possibly the taste for, the delicate and much prized truffle, would be able to gratify their taste without the aid of the human partner in the chase. A chase it often is, though the truffle has never been known to run.

It is a strange-looking fungus, varying in size from that of a walnut to a moderately large potato. In appearance it is dark and rough externally, with a surface covered with little nodules such as cover golf balls.

It grows in a mysterious fashion underground, and is never found on the surface. Sometimes it is from two to five or six inches below the surface, and no sign of its presence is given above ground. It is only the marvellous powers of scent possessed by the poodles that render it accessible to the hunter, who might otherwise pass over a ground studded with the precious delicacy without knowing of its presence.

The truffle has decided fads as to its locality. Never found except in chalky soil, it is as often as not absent even there, but there are districts in nearly all the southern counties, through which the chalk downs run, where the truffle hunter finds it as the result of much patient searching.

Beneath the beech, oak and chestnut trees most truffles are unearthed, though the beech shelters it more often than any other.

Starting on a mild, moist morning, when there is no frost to bind the surface of the earth too firmly for the dogs to scratch and burrow, the truffle hunter is early on the scene. He carries nothing but a stick; and the pockets of his coat are roomy.

Occasionally, after drawing the hills blank for hours, the dogs will suddenly discover a tract of land that promises the hunter a rich harvest.

The solemn yet quick little poodles will dart off in different directions and each begin to burrow at a separate spot.

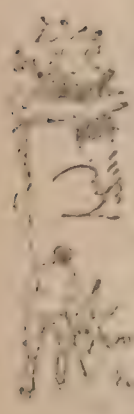
Then is the hunter's busy time. He must never allow the dogs to reach the truffle for they would probably break and perhaps eat the expensive little ball of fungus.

Hurrying incessantly from dog to dog, he gathers up the dark nugget so beloved of the epicure and places it in his pockets that now begin to bulge. Then, rewarding the dog with a piece of sugar, he sends it off again in quest of more.

It is busy work while it lasts, and for perhaps an hour or longer the hunter will be incessantly on the run from one dog to another gathering up the truffles.

For these he finds a ready market among the highest class of greengrocers and others who deal in expensive edible luxuries.

The hunter enjoys the "chase" apart from its profits, which are considerable. There is little competition, for truffles are rare and scattered, but the work takes a man out into the open air and the beautiful and quiet places of the earth—the wooded hills, and rolling downs—of all scenes the most attractive amid which a man can earn a living. F. GORMAN.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THE FASCINATION OF THE SEA. I know many men who find no keener delight than in sailing the seas, whether it be on a small yacht around the coasts or on a big liner bound on a far journey.

They, I suppose, are true sons of the sea; I, I imagine, am a sort of hanger-on.

I was born within sight of the sea, and as a child I used to look from my nursery window at it.

It was some miles away from our house, and it seemed very mystical and suggestive. To cross that sea appeared to me then to be a daring, almost a foolhardy thing.

I shall not readily forget the first time when I saw the sea at close quarters.

I drove down to a little fishing village with my mother and sisters, and we children paddled about in the water; we had done the same thing many a time in a stream which ran past our farm, but the stream was narrow and could be waded across; the sea was wide and terrifying, and it impressed me in a strange manner, for I felt that I was weak beside it.

A WEEK-END. Always I have been fascinated by the sea, and, as I think I have already told you, I am very fond of running down to it for a brief week-end holiday.

It is the same old sea that bore the Phœnician triremes and that bears our present Dreadnoughts; to one as to the other it seems to be indifferent, placidly retentive of its own majesty, and smilingly neglectful of all that pertains to man and his works.

When I go down to the sea I feel infinitely small. My projects, big as they are in my own little world, are insignificant when brought into contact with this great element of nature. What does writing matter, for what does an increased circulation count when you carry either to the touchstone of the eternal?

I spent last week-end at Hastings; I have spent a solitary week-end there before, but on this occasion I looked up a reader who had given me a standing invitation to visit him.

It is difficult for me now to find any place within a hundred miles of London where I have not such an invitation from one or other of the friends whom I have made through THE MODERN MAN.

I had corresponded with him, but had not so far met him, and I was glad to find him one of the best.

He introduced me to some of his particular friends, and we had a lively and happy evening.

SMOKING AND WATCHING. It was just after 11 o'clock when I got back to my hotel; I am not in the habit of turning in so early as this, but I did not wish to inconvenience the worthy proprietor.

My bedroom window overlooked the sea, and when the landlord had bidden me good-night, and the room was still, I heard what someone beautifully calls "the whish-whish and the rassle" of the waters. The surf was breaking on the beach, regularly, irresistibly.

I am not in the habit of sleeping so early as this, and in any case under these circumstances sleep would have been impossible. I threw up my bedroom window and stepped out on to the balcony, where I found a metal chair.

I sat there for two hours, smoking, listening to the splashing of the waves, watching the lights of the steamers in the Channel, and feeling that sensation which I have not the gift to express in words, but which, I take it, must be something akin to religion, for it gives you an irresistible impulse to worship something.

Presently my pipe went out. I tapped it on the railing of the balcony, got inside the window, drew it down, and went to bed.

As I fell asleep the waves were still booming on the beach, sometimes loudly enough to awaken a light sleeper, but, luckily for me, I am one of the heaviest.

MORNING IMPRESSIONS. I think I have already told that I do not indulge in the l of sleep for more than five ho the twenty-four and am content with four five o'clock I opened my eyes, and the whish and the rassle was still booming ears. My blinds were down, but the sun up and beating warmly against them. I and dressed and once more opened the and stepped on to the balcony.

Down on the beach two shrimpers were One was a youngish man and he was only up to the knees; the other, older, was ing farther out, and he was hidden as far waist in the sea. Backwards and forward walked, pushing his net in front of him.

I watched them both. I watched the risen sun shimmering upon the water, again I felt the fascination of the sea upon me.

It was different from what I had felt before. Then everything was dark and now the sea smiled and sparkled; it seem be in morning mood like myself.

And it was as fascinating as ever.

I may as well confess that I am a good sailor; the passage to example, is a thing I do not undertake though I am as happy as a sandboy in a boat; but I love the sea in spite of not made for it.

ONE MAN'S VIEW. I know a man who say he feels the fingers of clutching after him he will passage to America and will throw himself board in mid-Atlantic. He is a man the fascination of the sea; it has been the of most of his pleasures, and he feels will take him at the last.

I am not cast in such emotional mo not consider the manner of my death; b sea has always beckoned to me and I away from it for long.

I have seen it at all quarters of these and always it is the same; it seems to me, and my heart goes out to it.

THE HEART AND THE PEN. I don't quite know whe ought to tell you all this. showing you my character in most haphazard sort of way have, I suppose, shown myself to you as and the sight of the sea calls them forth. feel intensely—what I feel I cannot if you are like me you will understand; strange uneasiness, a satisfaction and a of humility rolled into one.

Don't for a moment think from all this am becoming a poet—far from it. I ordinary sort of man, but I feel it is one of my great regrets that I talent to express in words, or other means, the things that my heart speak.

INEXPRESSIBLE JOYS. The sight of the sea, by day night; a gallop on a good horse—the fascination of business—are things whose joys I can never tell to the who has not experienced them. I doubt writer has ever succeeded in adequately so.

If you want to know me, I am ture, feeling this and that, a combination haps, of the brutal and the sentimental, brutal element predominates and I am satisfactory should be so, for it is the more peace-giving frame of mind.

I think of the beauties of nature and majesty only occasionally; always I am conscious of the glory of life and of the fact that to alive, just as I am, with all my limitations faults, is the supremest joy that I am capable understanding.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

AMONG the CHEVIOTS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

It was a glorious day. There wasn't a speck of white anywhere in the sky; it was all blue; and the sun, without being too hot, shone warmly, genially, dazzlingly upon the green grass of the fields and hillsides, and upon the lighter tints of the trees.

"This is fine!" said Alec Ross, halting as he the summit of one of the Cheviot fells, rning and looking about him. "It's a country, and no mistake. Life's worth a day like this. I wish I wasn't going ome to Glasgow." in he swept his eye over the rolling, sun- hills and vales, dotted with sheep, look- e so many daisies in the distance. below him was the farm-house he was g at, and in one of the windows facing e sun burned in a white-hot, blinding ball

trong gust of wind blew around him, ing the blades of grass in swathes, rise and fall like the billows of the s. his hair escaped from under his anced gleefully in the breeze across his

turned and faced the breeze, sniffing y, delightedly at it. It bore warm, fresh, nt scents to his nostrils—the soft perfume d flowers, of the trees and the fields. drank it in by mouth and nose alternately,

science, Alec Ross," he said, "what you been doing wi' yourself the fortnight e been here? This day seems worth all hers. I know what's been the matter. I 't let myself go. But it's not too late. w hours yet to spare. I'll let myself go there. For them at least I'll take my

it of the country that's come over that is is. I just feel I could roll over grass or throw myself into and kick and splash in it, even

s towards the farm, and, as the hillside, his eye roved beyond 's little place to a farther and more -looking homestead. His glance for a moment upon the steading, and then led farther afield still, to where some s were grazing in a field. hat's the ticket, laddie! Ye've got it!" he ed himself. "Mr. David Balfour, I'll kill irds ... the other day. I'll pay ye oot, mon, ...te me for trespassing on your land; ll have my fling o' fun at the same time." hen he entered Neil Cameron's cool kitchen, ound the "guid wife" just laying the r.

'll hae a guid appetite, Mr. Ross, after lang walk," she said. "Fall tae at once laddie. Dinna wait on any ceremony e I'm concerned. I've something mair tae fore I can sit doon and eat." e seated himself at the hospitable board, the way he wired into the cold mutton and e-made bread and home-brewed ale spoke mes for the benefit the country air had done

When he had finished his meal, he took an easy-chair out into the sunlight, and, seating himself in it, filled his pipe and gave himself up to a quiet, semi-somnolent smoke.

All the time, though, he was watching the distant farmstead of the unneighbourly Balfour, and closely observing that individual's horses grazing and sporting in the field beside it. An hour passed, and Alec made no sign of moving.

"Dinna think I want tae get rid o' ye, Mr. Ross," said Mrs. Cameron, coming out to him, "but time's getting on, ye ken. Hadna ye better be making a move towards the station? It's a guid step frae here. Ye dinna want to lose your train, I suppose?"

"Oh, that's all right, mither. Dinna fash yersel'. I'm not going by shank's mare; I'm going to ride there in style."

"Oh, ay! Some neighbour has promised ye a lift, eh? Who can it be noo?"

"Mr. David Balfour is the man I'm going to trouble."

"Guid sakes! Ye dinna say! Weel—weel, sae ye hae patched up yer little disagreement the ither day?"

"Not exactly, but we're about to set matters right."

"Ay, ay, never be oot o' friends wi' a neighbour. That's richt, laddie, dinna let the sun gang doon upon yer anger."

"Na, na, mither," said Alec, grinning roguishly at her. "It'll go down on someone else's the nicht, I'm thinking."

At last he got up, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, entering the house, picked up his coat and prepared to take his leave.

He had settled his account overnight and had likewise sent his luggage in advance, so he was quite untrammelled save for his overcoat, and that was to be useful in his scheme.

"May I trouble ye for a bit rope, mither?" he asked, as he bade his landlady good-bye, and, having got it, he took his leave and strode off in the direction of the station and Mr. David Balfour's farm.

He passed by the farm-house, and then, vaulting a low stile, deliberately invaded his old foe's paddock.

Clicking his tongue coaxingly and snapping his fingers, he approached the nearest and least skittish-looking of the horses. The animal suffered him to come close, and he secured it by the halter it had on.

"Good lad!" he said, slapping it on the neck.

The horse whinnied and rubbed its nose against his breast.

Alec folded his overcoat, which he had carried upon his arm, and, laying it upon the animal's back for a saddle, tied it securely in place with a bit of the rope. With the other piece of rope he contrived a bridle by tying its two ends to the halter, and crossing them between the horse's jaws.

As he was scrambling on to his improvised saddle, he saw a man rush out of the farm-house and heard a loud and angry shout.

"My best respects, Mr. Balfour!" he called back, and flourished his hand in derision.

The impotent rage of the farmer added zest to the escapade.

Shaking the rope reins and drumming his heels into the horse's fat ribs, Alec urged it first into a trot and then a canter, heading it towards the gate he had prudently opened beside the stile.

Out on to the road he clattered, and the shouts of the bereaved and irate farmer were lost in the rear.

He felt that this was sport indeed. He put the horse to its fastest, and, to the merry accompaniment of its hoofstrokes upon the sunbaked road, he sang gaily in the exuberance of his spirits.

With one of those strange tricks which the mind plays us at times, his thoughts at that moment turned to the smoky quarter of Glasgow in which he lived.

Though he was on his way back to it, it seemed to be right outside his life.

This was the sort of thing he felt he was meant for, and as he pounded along he wondered at his strength, and at his skill in sticking on, for his opportunities for becoming expert in horsemanship had been extremely few.

Suddenly, however, above the tattoo of his steed's hoofs and his own singing, he heard the clatter of another horse rapidly overtaking him.

He looked round and, to his consternation, beheld in hot pursuit Farmer Balfour, mounted upon a splendid chestnut that was taking two strides to every one of his nag's. The chestnut was simply annihilating the distance between them.

Alec ceased his singing in double quick time, drove his heels for all he was worth into the flanks of his mount, and put it to a pace to which it was wholly unaccustomed, but he saw he could not hope to outstrip the chestnut.

It was coming on like the wind itself and must be up with him in another few minutes.

Alec jerked his beast round and put it at the ditch and hedge beside him. The gallant animal stumbled across the ditch, and, breasting the straggling quickset, broke through into the field. Just beyond, the ground rose suddenly and steeply into a little knoll, which was crowned by a thick coppice.

Up the slope Alec goaded his horse. He looked back, half way to the coppice, and saw the farmer take ditch and hedge together in a magnificent bound and scour on after him like a hound in full cry.

With his irate pursuer only some dozen strides behind him, Alec gained the longed-for covert. In a flash he was off his horse's back.

He had his pocket-knife open in his hand. With one slash he freed his coat and whipped it off. Then he unbuckled the halter, and, coiling the ropes about his arm, he plunged into the thicket just as the farmer dashed up.

Breathing fury and flourishing a heavy horse-whip, Balfour sprang from the chestnut's back and rushed after him. The farmer was a big and powerful man in the prime of life.

"I'll pay ye, ye young divil! I'll tan yer hide for ye, an' nae mistake!"

He halted in the middle of the trees and bushes, glaring furiously to right and left of him in quest of the culprit.

A loud laugh behind him made him turn quickly, and there was Alec running out of the coppice, between him and the chestnut. The next second the younger man had vaulted lightly into the comfortable saddle and had caught up the reins.

With another ringing laugh Alec galloped off in triumph, leaving Farmer Balfour speechless with baffled rage and mortification. He had nothing to follow with but a horse with neither saddle nor bridle.

It was a good four miles still to the railway station, and Alec thoroughly enjoyed the ride. He reached the station sweating but as happy as a man could be.

Turning into a cab-proprietor's place opposite, he dismounted and tackled the old man who came out of the office.

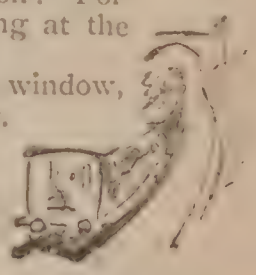
"You know Mr. David Balfour of Jedfell Farm," he said. "This nag belongs to him, and I'll gie ye half-a-crown to keep it for him until he comes, which will be in about half-an-hour's time. It may be mair. Ye'll return him the horse, and say to him—dinna forget noo—'Wi' Mr. Alec Ross's verra best thanks.'"

On buying his ticket, he learned to his supreme disgust that his train did not start for twenty minutes.

The news gave him a sort of cold douche, for at any moment Balfour might arrive.

Alec paced the platform, staring along the line for the first glimpse of the train. After what seemed an hour it steamed up, and he was in his carriage like a flash. None too soon! For as the train left, Balfour arrived panting at the station.

Alec waved his cap to him from the window, and shouted the heartiest of good-byes.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

UNEVEN SHOULDERS.

A reader asks me to give him an exercise to cure the unevenness of his shoulders. The right, he says, stands a good deal higher than the left, and naturally he wants them both to be square across.

If you look at the man you meet in the street, you will generally find that the right shoulder is a little higher than the left; this is due to the general habit of lying on the right side in bed. Next time you get into bed, just notice how the shoulders lie compared with the body; you will find that the line of them is not at right angles with that of the spine, but is twisted round, so that the distance from the left shoulder to the feet is less than the distance from the right shoulder to the feet.

I do not say that one should lie on the right side and on the left side on alternate nights, though this has been advocated by some teachers of physical culture. I consider that it is harmful to lie on the left side, as that impedes the action of the heart.

The right way to overcome this trouble is to take suitable exercises for the purpose of counteracting the result of the sleeping position.

The best one I know is to stand square with your hands by your sides and then to stretch down as far as you can towards the right, slipping your fingers down your right leg half-inch by half-inch, till you can go no farther. Repeat this a dozen times morning and evening.

I would also point out that for the squaring of the shoulders there is nothing to equal military drill, and I strongly advise all those who are interested in this page to avail themselves of the excellent opportunities for physical culture which the Territorial force offers to them.

Also if you are in the habit of carrying heavy bags or other weights, see that you do not always use the same hand.

A SIMPLE BENDING EXERCISE.

Stand at attention with the heels close together, and raise the hands above the head with the palms touching.

Bend forward from the waist, until the body is at right angles to the legs, the arms being still in a straight line with it.

A splendid back-developer.

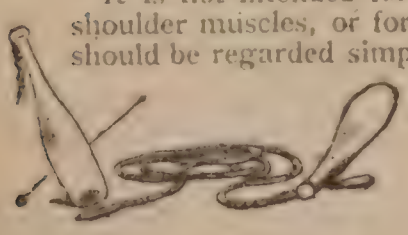
Now rise slowly back to the perpendicular, pause a second and continue the movement until you are leaning back as far as possible without losing your balance or parting your hands.

Throughout the exercise the legs must be kept motionless and no part of the body below the waist must stir from the perpendicular.

When bending forward do not let the body go beyond the horizontal position, and do not let the arms drop from the shoulders as in those exercises I have given for the abdomen where the object is to touch the toes with the hands.

The exercise is an excellent one for stretching the body and so helping to increase the height, and also for developing the muscles of abdomen and back.

It is not intended for the development of the shoulder muscles, or for the arms and legs, and should be regarded simply as a body exercise.



HEARTS.

A reader writes to ask if I can give "any exercise or exercises of value for strengthening a heart enlarged by too much violent exercise."

I have already referred on this page to the affection known as "athlete's heart," and I repeat my advice that before going in for any form of violent exercise the heart should be tested by a doctor, and if he finds it unfit, it is mere folly to disregard his warning.

Some men are not fitted by nature to participate in vigorous sports, and unless they deliberately intend to cut off some ten or twenty years from their life, they will do well to rest content to stand out of them. There are plenty of less violent sports open to them.

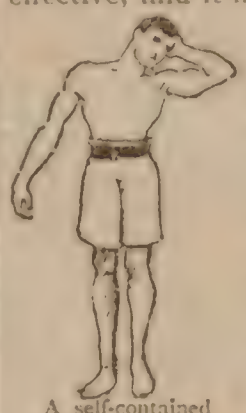
So far from its being possible to give any exercise for the strengthening of an enlarged heart, I am sorry to say that the best advice I can give to my correspondent and to others whose hearts are affected in the same way by too much violent exercise is to drop it.

To take up football again this season, as he proposes doing, without the doctor's express permission, would be a most foolish thing to do, and the only sensible course is to take the disappointment in a sportsmanlike way and to endeavour to replace more strenuous pastimes with some of the many gentler sports which are open to his choice.

FOR NECK, ARMS, AND SHOULDERS.

The value of muscular resistance as a method of physical culture can hardly be over-rated.

It is at once one of the simplest and the most effective, and it needs no appliances. It consists in playing off one muscle against another, instead of obtaining the necessary resistance from an exerciser with rubber or springs.



A self-contained "exerciser."

The Japanese use this method very largely, and their great muscularity as a nation owes much to it.

The exercise shown in the sketch differs from most of those I have previously given in being practically motionless.

Stand erect and place the palm of one hand against the side of the head.

Then try to force the head downwards, resisting as much as possible with the bent arm.

Practise this with each arm for about thirty seconds at a time, and though you may appear to be standing absolutely motionless, the benefit of the effort to the muscles especially of the neck and shoulder will be considerable.

THE AMERICAN WALK.

Have you ever noticed that the average Yankee has a walk of his own that proclaims his nationality to all observers almost as certainly as the cut of his collar and trousers and his black bow tie?

I was observing an obvious American the other day, and he seemed to carry his shoulders loosely forward, and to take short quick steps which gave a certain look of alertness.

Behind him, however, was a strapping young Englishman, about six feet high, in the uniform of some Yeomanry regiment, and it was interesting to note how the Yankee toddle differed from the English Yeoman's stride—which was fully twice as long.

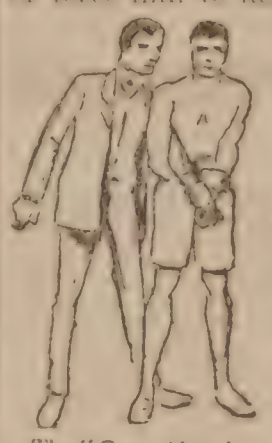
The young fellow walked erect with his shoulders and head thrown back, and it was evident which of the two had most self-respect and commanded most respect from others.

Apart from that, however, it was also evident which had the finest physique, for the cultivation of a good walk is one of the first steps towards physical development. It is an exercise that you are continually practising, and it should be turned to good account.

JU-JITSU.

3rd LESSON.

This is one of the most useful, and at the same time the easiest acquired, of all ju-jitsu holds. It can be used on either side of the opponent's body, and you can either throw him, or force him to accompany you where you like, or if you should wish to do so, you can quite easily break his arm.



The "Come Along" hold.

Seize your adversary's left wrist with your left hand, and then swing round till you face the same way as he does, turning his wrist as you do so until the palm of his hand is uppermost and his elbow downwards.

Now slip your left arm over his left, and under the forearm underneath his elbow so that your right hand can grasp your left forearm.

You have now got your man held fast, for with a very slight downward pressure of his wrist you can give him excruciating pain—can even break his arm.

His other hand is, of course, free, but his position prevents him using it to much effect, while if he attempts to do so or to kick at your legs, you can give him a twinge such as will soon make him think better of it.

If you should wish to throw him, you have only to slip your right foot in front of his left, as in the sketch, and to force him across it.

Your adversary's wrist must be gripped tightly, for if once you give him the chance of twisting his arm so as to bring the elbow uppermost, your hold over him is gone, and he can wrench himself free.

This is a hold which, when you are trying it on a friend, should be practised gently, if you are anxious to retain his friendship.

SKIPPING AS AN EXERCISE.

In many physical culture clubs and gymnasiums skipping is at last coming into its own. It is no longer regarded as a method of dissipating oneself which should be relegated to the girls. It is undoubtedly an exercise worthy of the attention of any man who wishes to improve his physical development.

Several of the most famous boxers and wrestlers living—Hackenschmidt and Ben Moir amongst them—owe much to having practised skipping largely as a means of keeping fit.

As a weight reducer it is hard to beat, and if you are afraid that there is something of the ludicrous in the idea of a grown man skipping, you can always find some secluded spot and practise it by yourself.

Five minutes a day will work wonders, not only in developing the leg muscles, but in improving the general health by exercising the whole body and setting liver, digestion and circulation right, so that it is an ideal "concentrated" exercise for those whose occupation is sedentary.

There is no fear of its becoming wearisome, for the number of variations and different movements which can be devised has practically no end.

Go and watch any crowd of schoolgirls—for the small boy often thinks skipping beneath him—if you want to see what are the possibilities of skipping as an exercise.

It is obvious that in skipping you are going through the motions of some of the best physical exercises, while the presence of the rope ensures your doing them vigorously.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE IN THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PROFESSION

depends, absolutely on the [illegible] adopted. "[illegible] Art of Physical Culture," P.O. 7d. [illegible] Physical Culture [illegible] Education [illegible] failure in the [illegible] Write now to ASTRO [illegible] James Street, Coalville, Leicester.

ASTRO

WANTED!

Every Reader of "Modern Man" interested in Nerve Affections or Brain Exhaustion (Neurasthenia) to know that Two Valuable Treatises on "The Brain and Nerves," as well as a Trial Supply of "Antineurasthin," Neurasthenia's only Antidote, will be sent Free of Charge.

Every day sees a small army of health pilgrims leaving the shores of Great Britain, clearly demonstrating the powerlessness of our most eminent physicians to aid the sufferers.

"I defy Sir Almroth Wright or anyone else to discover a name for what I consider one of the most serious disorders of the present day—neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown.

"By that I do not mean the born-tired feeling of the unemployable, or the blasé, invertebrate condition of the over-rich, without occupation, but the loss of nerve control and mental energy which comes to the neurotic when the nervous system is strained to breaking point, and the hapless sufferer drifts like a ship without a helmsman, storm-tossed on the sea of his emotions." Thus declared one of London's most famous physicians in a recent address to the students of St. Mary's Hospital.

Neurasthenia is one of the most distressing and most pathetic ailments, for the secretive character of its devastations unfortunately robs the sufferer of that sympathy to which he or she is fully entitled, and for which the neurasthenic so longingly craves.

Happily, sufferers are now given the opportunity of learning why the newly-discovered "Antineurasthin" treatment never fails.

"Antineurasthin" succeeds where doctors and all other methods have failed, because it FEEDS the nerve and brain tissues. It is to the brain and nerves what ordinary food is to the body. Just as drugs and medicines are incapable of feeding the body, so are they powerless to strengthen nerve and brain.

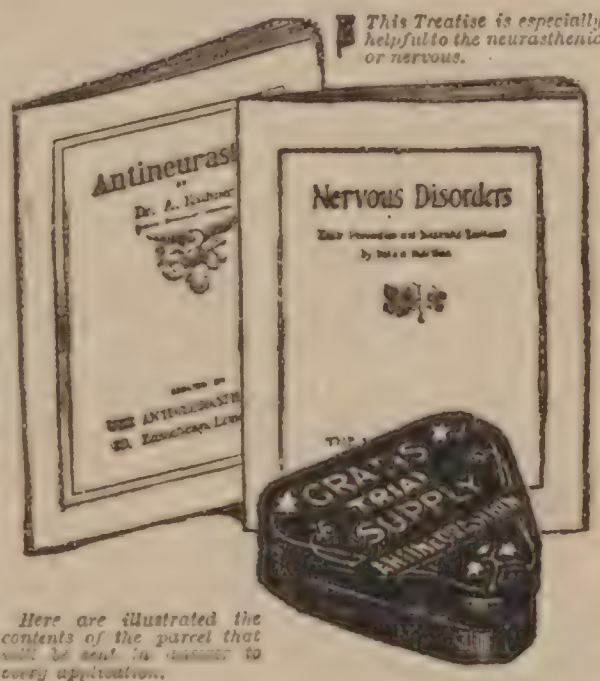
"Antineurasthin" is a brain and nerve food—the only food yet discovered that directly feeds the nerves and brain.

Ninety per cent. of "Antineurasthin" is used up by the brain and nerves—and by the brain and nerves only. Only about ten per cent. of ordinary food is actually used up in the body, about eighty-five per cent. being waste matter.

The treatises already referred to contain information which every sufferer should know—in fact, must know—if he (or she) desires to recover nerve and brain health and power.

The trial supply of "Antineurasthin" itself is amply sufficient to demonstrate that the nerves only need to be fed with it to quickly recover their strength and power.

It is open to readers to discover for themselves how quickly "Antineurasthin" changes nerve weakness to nerve comfort and power. With the restoration of nerve strength the brain, as the chief centre of the nervous system, becomes stronger and more able to fulfil its manifold duties. Nerve sensitiveness and mental depression—and that lack of energy which is its physically expressed counterpart—fades into nothingness. The sum of strength imparted by "Antineurasthin"—the brain and nerve food—banishes the clouds from mind and body alike, and your whole being will rejoice in the joyous sensations of healthy life.



Here are illustrated the contents of the parcel that will be sent in answer to every application.

Forms of application for the two treatises, with the trial supply, should be forwarded to the address (two stamps being enclosed to cover postage).

"Antineurasthin" can be purchased from all leading chemists' and stores, at 2/3 and 4/6 per box.

Form of Application for GRATIS—

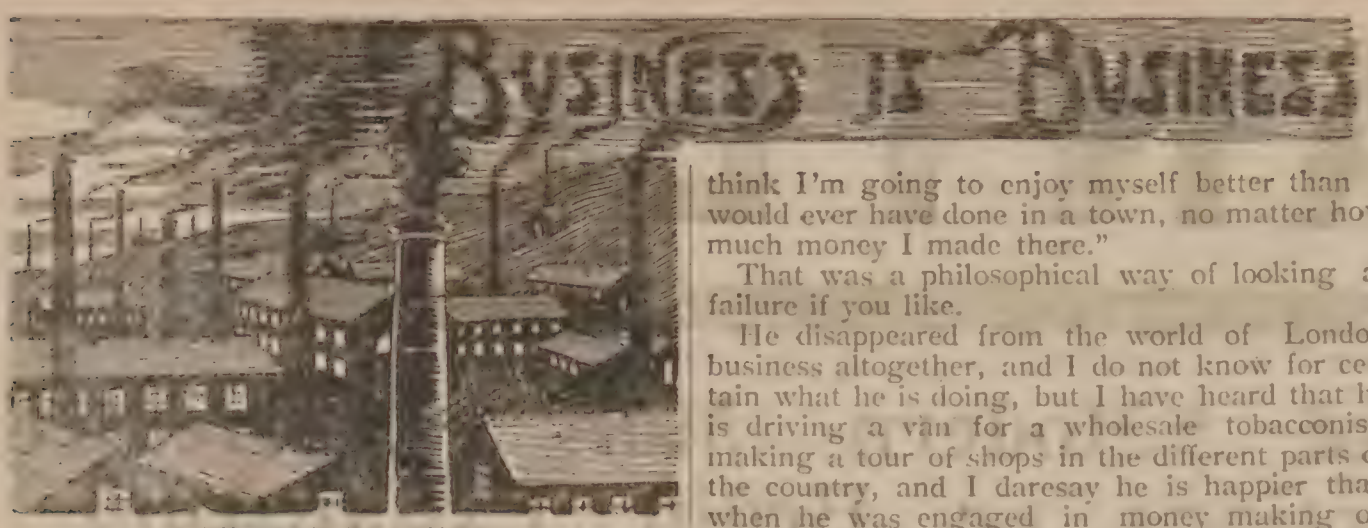
Copy of "ANTINEURASTHIN" by Dr. A. KUHNER (Nerve Specialist).	Copy of "NERVOUS DISORDERS: Their Prevention and Successful Treatment by Natural Nutrition."

To the "ANTINEURASTHIN" CO.,
125, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Sirs,—I enclose two stamps for postage of above package to—

Name .....

Address .....



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FAILURE.

The bugbear of the average business man's life is failure.

The thought of it keeps him awake at nights and causes him to worry, which greatly interferes with the quality of his work.

Failure is a very painful thing and is therefore to be guarded against, but you should not entertain the thought except at those moments when you feel like slacking. So long as you know that you are doing your best, you should keep the very idea of failure out of your thoughts.

Failure is not so very hard to bear even if it comes.

The other day I met a man who at one time was making many thousands a year in a big business of his own; he had a fine house in the country, kept horses, rode to hounds, and all the rest of it. Then suddenly there came a crash, for which he was not in any way to blame, and the whole of his money was lost.

He is a man of exceptional talent, and after a little searching round he managed to get a post at £1,000 a year as manager to a firm that had once been a rival.

£1,000 a year is his income now, and, though wealthy in the eyes of most men, he is a poor man to what he has been.

We were talking about how it felt to come down in the world. He told me that at first the shock was great, but that he is now as happy as ever he was. He is a failure of the magnificent sort, but still he has failed from his own point of view; and yet he has not lost happiness.

I have in mind another case.

A young fellow started a business of his own in the same branch of commerce as I myself am engaged in.

He had any amount of pluck, but things seemed to go against him, and eventually he got into debt, the creditors closed in, his stock was sold for what it would fetch, and he found himself penniless.

I was very sorry for him, and as soon as I knew what had happened, I asked him to come and see me and offered him a position in my own business.

He thanked me but refused.

"I was having my fling," he said, "trying to make a modest fortune, but I've failed. It was the desire to make a big income that made me submit to town life, and while there appeared to be a chance of my succeeding in business I didn't grumble at having to live in London.

"Now, however, that the business is gone, there is not sufficient to keep me tied to the town. As an employee I could only earn a fair thing, not enough to get what I would call happiness. I should not be happy in the matter of money for I would not have enough, and I should be missing happiness in other directions also.

"There are two things I have been wanting, money or open-air life. I've failed to get money, but I'm not going to let anything deprive me of my other object.

"You may think it queer for me to say so, but I'm not altogether sorry that I've failed, for I think I'm going to enjoy myself better than I would ever have done in a town, no matter how much money I made there."

That was a philosophical way of looking at failure if you like.

He disappeared from the world of London business altogether, and I do not know for certain what he is doing, but I have heard that he is driving a van for a wholesale tobacconist, making a tour of shops in the different parts of the country, and I daresay he is happier than when he was engaged in money making on more ambitious lines.

It is worth while to copy this young fellow in the matter of having a second object in view, something unconnected with the business you are engaged in.

Have the feeling that if you fail you have yet something else that you can turn to with pleasure.

It may be enlisting in the Army, it may be going abroad, but, whatever it is, the thought of it in the event of failure will comfort you in difficulties and keep you from worrying.

Poverty is by no means so hard to bear as people suppose it to be. To take an extreme case, the inhabitants of London slums are comparatively happy, as you will see if you take a walk in the poorer neighbourhoods.

Think of this, and do not allow yourself to become panic stricken at the thought of failing. Panic is as useless as it is painful.

BY APPOINTMENT.

Although "By Appointment" or "Makers to the King" is the proudest inscription that a tradesman can emblazon above his shop or upon his notepaper, it does not necessarily mean that his establishment is patronised by the Royal family.

The Royal appointment is rather a badge of commercial excellence, and many of the holders of it have not dealt with Royalty more than once or twice. Grocers and others have considerable difficulty in obtaining Royal patronage, but those who can supply some new article which the King will find personally useful, can obtain this honour without very much trouble. A well-known soap manufacturing company received the appointment not very long ago, because they had invented a new type of toilet soap which was guaranteed to be made entirely of vegetable matter. The King is particularly dainty in such things, and a soap free from animal fat at once appealed strongly to him. He is never slow to requite a benefit, and he considered the makers of this soap well worth the honour of appointment.

No tradesman who holds the appointment is allowed to use it as a method of advertising, except in so far as employing the phrases mentioned at the beginning of this article. To make out an advertisement saying in effect "What is good enough for the King is good enough for you" would probably mean that the appointment would be immediately withdrawn. It is not the King's wish that any other tradesman should be injured by the honour he bestows upon a rival, and he therefore objects to the appointment being turned to advertising purposes.

Before the appointment is granted, careful investigations are made to ascertain whether the conduct of the business has always been on straightforward lines. If there has been the slightest tinge of sharp practice the honour is not given. Neither is it bestowed unless the goods are of the highest quality.

Such being the case, the appointment stands as a hall mark of fairness and good quality, and I suggest that it might with great advantage be more widely extended, for it would stimulate rectitude in business as well as in quality of goods.

TO ENLARGE OR EXTEND.

To the successful tradesman there comes a day when he begins to realise that his shop is rather too small for the number of customers it has attracted. He is then faced with the problem as to whether he should enlarge his shop or throw out branches in other parts of the town.

The latter is infinitely the better course.

If you enlarge your shop, you appeal simply to the same clientèle as formerly. If you spend an equal sum of money in opening a small branch in a suitable part of the town, it will relieve the congestion in your first shop, and will open out a new field for fresh customers.

The selection of a site for the new shop can readily be made by a careful consideration of the addresses of your customers. Let the branch be in the district from which the majority of your more distant customers appear to come. By placing a shop in their midst you will be suiting their convenience, and you will also be making it possible for yourself to obtain many new customers. When the second shop is thoroughly prosperous, it will be time to open a third.

Above all things beware of removing. A tradesman who has succeeded in a back street very often thinks that he would make a still greater success by removing to the principal street of the town. The result is usually failure. Let him stick to the place to which his methods and goods have proved themselves suitable. By removing he loses his old customers, for it would be folly to expect them to go with him, and it is quite possible that he may not obtain new ones. Moreover, by opening in the principal street he is facing the competition of the largest and best shops, a test that may prove too much for him. If his ambition is to have a large establishment, let him wait till he has several branch shops in a prosperous condition; the failure of his fashionable venture will spell ruin.

THE LADY CLERK QUESTION.

The lady clerk is cheap, but so far as [illegible] is concerned she is apt also to be nasty. I had a lady clerk who was perfectly [illegible] content with a salary of 15s. a week. She was a competent shorthand writer and typist and exceedingly willing. She joined my office when she was seventeen, and she is still with me, though at a considerably increased salary.

She, however, is the one bright spot in my experience of women office workers. The average woman is more willing to stay late when necessary than the average male clerk, for she has less inducements to leave the office. She is more afraid of losing her situation, for she dreads interviewing new employers. She is generally agreeable. What then are her faults? I should say incompetence and sex.

My experience has shown me that women clerks are not as a rule so well grounded in English grammar as are men clerks. When you dictate letters to them, they punctuate in the wrong places and make you appear to say things that you would be ashamed to utter. They have not the physical strength to continue working at high pressure for any length of time. They try rather to please the employer personally, to captivate him to a certain extent. They may be so blunt, but they do not take the shortest and quickest means of pleasing him. They take an interest in their work.

In regard to the question of sex, the presence of lady clerks turns an office, which is a workshop, but a species of workshop, into a drawing-room. Doors have to be opened for them, they have to be chatted pleasantly with by the men employed. There must be no rushing about in case one should collide with one of them. They must be allowed tea in the afternoons or their employers will complain.

These are the little drawbacks that have struck me personally in regard to lady clerks. The wider aspects of the question as to whether it is of advantage to the nation that they should fill positions formerly occupied by men, I leave for wiser people than myself to discuss.

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96	0	0	C J W	138	11	3	W C	152	17	9
130	0	0	G S	82	10	0	W T W	91	10	0
85	15	0	G S	127	5	0	G S F	80	0	0
120	0	0	W R P	81	15	5	J H F	86	0	0
112	0	0	C J W	100	0	0	O M W	152	0	0
106	10	0	G F	94	8	6	G S F	100	0	0
96	0	0	W J G	192	10	0	Mrs. E M S	90	0	0
145	0	0	W C	88	10	0	R G F	100	0	0
116	10	0	T J H	338	0	0	R O N	90	0	0
132	0	0	W C	202	10	0	S A R	107	9	2
96	15	0	C J W	109	5	0	L P E	85	4	5
88	10	0	A B	179	0	4	R G F	80	0	0
158	15	0	T C M	125	0	0	W P P	80	10	0
107	10	1	S E M	98	2	6	W J G	87	10	0
200	0	0	W C	500	0	0	W C	175	0	0
83	0	0	R S	89	18	9	A O A	130	0	0
80	15	0	W P C	100	0	0	O M W	84	0	0
242	16	0	Mr. D V	106	5	0	W C	89	14	0
119	0	0	W C	250	0	0	H V	121	0	0
124	10	0	J H G	315	0	0	L P E	137	0	0
82	10	0	R D	310	0	0	W J G	261	5	0
106	0	0	W A H	150	0	0	M C	137	0	0
100	0	0	Mrs. H	100	0	0	A B	85	0	0
84	0	0	G M K	90	0	0	S M J	140	0	0
277	10	0	W C	250	0	0	W C	180	0	0
86	0	0	L P E	100	0	0	Mrs. D V	80	0	0
104	14	0	J W	100	0	0	C G B	157	10	0
245	0	0	A B	115	0	0	C G B	83	15	0
100	0	0	R G S	150	0	0	H B	114	10	0
99	10	0	W T	82	10	0	W C	141	0	0
80	0	0	O M W	96	0	0	Miss D V	127	10	0
100	0	0	L P E	125	0	6	N P S	102	0	0
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108	10	0								
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291	15	0								
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93	10	0								
145	0	0								
125	0	0								
100	0	0								
160	0	0								
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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XIII. THE TIES OF BLOOD.

No sooner had Richard entered upon his career as a chain manufacturer, seen the final accomplishment of his ambition to own a works for himself and heard the metallic clatter of his machines turning out the goods for his first orders than he sat down to face another and, to him, a much more formidable difficulty.

He was a man who liked to tackle his difficulties one by one. His manufactory was now in full swing, and in it he had sunk every sovereign of the capital he possessed. He had no apprehensions as to the future, not a doubt as to his ultimate success.

Indeed, to a great extent, he was free from the imaginative tendency that is often the weakness of more intellectual men.

During the time that it had taken him to accumulate sufficient capital to start manufacturing for himself he had continued living in the rough and ready home to which he had been accustomed from birth.

No outward change in his manner of life had taken place at all with the simple exception of his clothes; and in improving his appearance to this extent he had merely obeyed the instinct of utility. He shed his sartorial uncouthness as a natural result of altered conditions.

Now that his authoritative standing had improved also he set himself, in obedience to a similar instinct, to bring his home life into keeping with it.

He was no more content to live in a dilapidated hovel in a squalid street than he would have been to appear as master of his works minus cleanliness of clothes and body such as when he was a chain-maker at the forge.

But in the removal of this obstacle to his progress he encountered unexpected and subtle difficulties.

He found that he could not carry his will into effect without clashing with the desires of his parents. Where he had only to overcome the opposition of commercial or personal enemies he pursued his course without fear or hesitation, but the opposition of those who owned his affections was a different thing altogether.

Sitting in the kitchen at home one evening he announced his intention of taking another and a larger house for them all. Characteristically he had already sought out the abode that would suit himself, and until this moment he had taken for granted that his plan would meet with ready acceptance on their part.

"What! Them new houses in Park Road!" exclaimed his mother on the high note of dismayed astonishment. "D'ye think such as we 'ould be in our place there? My! I can see us! Patronised by them as consents to know us 'cause of our money, and looked down on and sniffed at by them as thinks their gentility makes 'em a race apart. Oh, I know!"

There was the conviction of common-sense about Mrs. Selby. A stranger could have told at a glance that Richard inherited his force of character from her. She was of that rare type—the working-class woman who is as proud of her station in life as any in what are called (with little ground for truth) more fortunate conditions.

The explanation was that she came of a yeoman stock; her younger days had been spent on the farm-house of her people in Wiltshire, and a quarter of a century's residence in the Black Country had failed to eradicate the inborn virility of the countrywoman.

She was a stout, plain-faced woman with hair drawn right back from her forehead and her unvarying distinguishments were her wide, kindly mouth and her downright thoroughness of attention to domestic duties. The marvel to her neighbours was how she always managed to look clean and why she was seldom to be seen without a white apron.

Richard's devotion to her was of the deep and undemonstrative order, and so far their wishes had never been in conflict over a vital issue. Added to his affection was admiration of her character and a profound respect for her judgment.

He liked her for the way she had showed her confidence in him all the time that he had been striving to get on. She had not harassed him by misgivings or, what is often more trying, inquisitiveness, and whenever he had shown a disposition to talk of his aspirations he had always found her a ready and sympathetic listener.

In his father much of this had been lacking. Selby senior was a man embedded in the ignorances of a work-oppressed class. His few opinions on politics and current affairs were mainly second-hand, and he only found life a disappointment when his recreations were baulked.

Those recreations were amply satisfied by a sufficiency of beer and food and an occasional day at the races, plus the attempt to spot the winners of the big events.

In Richard's progress he had seen no more than an opportunity to cease his work at Guest's forge, and already Richard had realised that the prosperity of himself bade fair to result in his father becoming a loafer.

"That doesn't appeal to you then," said Richard, masking his disappointment at his mother's objections. Turning to his father he asked his opinion, more from a sense of duty than a belief in the value of it.

Appealed to on a matter that gave him the chance of displaying parental importance, Selby senior scraped his throat and expectorated into the fire.

"Don't see why yo' ain't satisfied wi' this," he made answer, the affluence of Park Road looming in his mind as something overpowering.

"Well, I'm not. And never have been. Who wants to live in a pigsty when there's a chance to get out of it?"

"Park Road! Bli'me!" exclaimed his father with superlative derision. "And all our pals comin' to visit us, so genteel an' polite-like. I fancy I see 'em. My! shouldn't we be popular!"

It was here that Richard saw vividly the difficulties of his position and inwardly he fumed. Strangely enough they had never occurred to him before.

"Well," interposed his mother, "it's plain as Richard can't go on livin' here as things are. The question is, are we goin' to rise with him or ain't we?"

"If we goes there," said his father, continuing his argument, "we'll get laughed at. Any fool knows that. Our proper place is 'ere, and 'ere we stop. It's all right for yo' p'r'aps. Yo' seem t' 'ave the knack o' mixin' wi' folks better'n yourself——"

Richard got up angrily.

"All right; that's enough," he said. This passive submission to the laws of class-distinction was detestable to him, but it was no use putting it into words. He knew what his father's comment would be.

"If that idea doesn't suit," Richard added, "we must find another. Of course, I can't have you dissatisfied or made uncomfortable."

"Why yo' can't be content to go on [illegible] are, I can't understand," grumbled his father.

"No; of course you can't," snapped Mrs. Selby. "You never could see farther than the end of your nose. Only a doll could think as we could go muckin' along here with Richard owning the most up-to-date works in Moulden."

By this time Richard had gone out of the kitchen and had left the house.

"It's my belief," said his father, "as Richard is gettin' ashamed of us."

"Your belief!" echoed his wife, exasperated. "A precious lot you know of your son! Why, the very thing as troubles him is that we might be thickheaded enough to think that of him. I'm proud of him if you're not, and I'm going to see as we don't stand in his way."

"'Ow?" asked Selby half-heartedly. At least he knew sufficient of Richard to be confident that his own well-being would not suffer, whatever the arrangement. The subtleties of the situation were beyond his limited intelligence.

"Never mind," retorted his wife, and added caustically: "So long as you don't interfere it'll be all right."

With a philosophic shake of the head [illegible] lumbered across the kitchen, put on his hat and went round to the "Hare and Hounds."

Mrs. Selby sat alone and thoughtful. That intuition which guides the woman who loves told her that this matter held for Richard greater danger to his future than he was likely to guess. He might even forego his ambitions rather than they should react detrimentally on her. At all costs she must prevent that.

II.

For a few days Richard made no further reference to the matter. Pressure of work and multifarious details connected with a new business claimed his attention.

His mother, too, only mentioned it once. "I suppose," she said one morning, following him to the door as he was about to start [illegible] suppose you wouldn't care to go into apartments by yourself; at Bagley, say?"

"No, I shouldn't," he said determinedly. "I don't go into better surroundings and leave you here."

Nevertheless she saw from his manner that he did not know what to do. The previous night his father had been drunk again, and now he was lying in bed sleeping off the effects. Plainly Richard was finding bitterness among the sweets of success.

Though he was hardly conscious of it these days, Richard went about Moulden hungrily anxious for a glimpse of Miss Lyons. Of late some inner reluctance had kept him away from the park. He could not go within a mile of it without imagining that everyone was watching him suspiciously and could read his innermost thoughts.

But he saw nothing of her, and then something happened that for the time being gave him other matters to think about.

His mother complained of "not feeling the mark," and so unusual was it for her to complain at all that Richard insisted on her seeing a doctor.

She came back from the consultation with airy assurance that nothing was the matter, but after a strenuous cross-examination she admitted that he had said the atmosphere of Moulden with its perpetual foulness and smoke was having a detrimental effect on her lungs.

With blanched face Richard went round to the doctor to get to know the whole truth of the matter.

"Nothing at all, I assure you. Not the slightest necessity for alarm. But [illegible] fresh air, you know, and—yes, decidedly country life if it were possible. She tells me her childhood was spent on a farm. Ah, the very thing. It would build her up and I'd warrant then she would live to be a hundred."

With such breezy comfort blowing away his fears, Richard hurried home again. "Where's

"That settles it," he said decisively.

you want to go? A little place down by the
ern, or——"

"A farm! Really?" his mother exclaimed with transparent delight. "Oh, the very thing I've longed for for years and years. Just a little dairy farm——"

"With three acres and a cow," laughed ... "Well, we'll manage something better ... it'll be a splendid thing for young Jim. He's made for that life."

"Your father? He won't like it," she said, but it was merely to hear his terse comment. There was little doubt as to which owned the greater part of his affection.

"He'll go right enough," said Richard, just a hint of warning in his voice. "Now we must look about for the best thing."

"Richard," she said, laying her hand on his ..., "there's the old farm at home. You know it's been vacant and has gone almost to waste since we had it. A very little would buy that."

"First-rate," he said, wondering rather at the appeal in her eyes. Surely she knew that if it pleased her it would please him.

"And then," she smiled, "then you'll be free to live ... Park Road."

Richard laughed with a joyous ring that gave ... away entirely.

"By the Lord, no!" he said. "You won't catch me practising the dull life of villadom. Not much! I shall stay down at Blake's place ... the river for the summer; get a hack and ... Gad! that's what I've wanted ...."

"Richard," she said, holding up a finger, "say ... and I shall really think we've been ... to you. You seem to have thought it ... the right tone some latent wistfulness ... to Richard's heart. Caresses ... idom between them, but suddenly he ... and kissed her.

"I'm nothing but a selfish brute," he said.

"Nonsense!" she said. "If you only knew it's been a race for unselfishness between us."

"Eh?" he said.

But she refused to explain.

III.

A month later Richard was seeing his family at Moulden Station.

His father had shown little antipathy to the idea, the promise of farm life, fishing, shooting, and a cosy inn in the near vicinity of the farm sufficing to make him as enthusiastic as any of them.

Viewing their bright faces and holiday garb, Richard had an abrupt regret that he was not going ... them. But his course had been ..., there was——

"Lyons!" said his mother excitedly, and wheeled quickly. "Isn't she a pic-..."

It was true. There she was, looking a picture indeed. Her brother was accompanying her, carrying a large kit-bag.

They passed along the train, and Richard, as he stood on trial, stood like a rock.

Arthur Lyons caught his eye, and a start of recognition and waved his ... perfunctorily.

Lyons smiled frankly and looked with ... the Selby family crowding the window of a third-class carriage. Evidently she was ... for she stood outside a little distance down the train, chatting to her brother.

"Good-bye, father! Good-bye, Jim!" ... clasped and wrung their hands.

"Good-bye, mother!" ... kissed him once, and then smiled bravely ... wet eyes.

Arthur Lyons sailed by, waving also. He nodded again to Richard, who had no eyes for him or anything but the fact that his mother had gone.

Then he turned and saw with a start that the other woman in his life was waiting for him. Was it prophetic?

"How d'you do?" she said, and held out her hand. "That was your mother, wasn't it?"

Richard took it and held it clasped in his.

"They've gone," he said in a voice deep with feeling, "and you're here."

Then he loosed her hand.

She smiled as if she understood, and yet was not half so impressed with the seriousness of it as he was.

"I would like to hear all about it," she said, "but I can't now. The coachman's outside waiting to drive me home."

"When can you?" said Richard with a jerk.

She looked at him in surprise.

"I'm going poaching to-morrow morning," said Richard suddenly.

"Are you?" she said.

"At seven o'clock, by the tree," he added.

"Then I must warn the gamekeeper," she answered with demure gravity. "Good-bye. I'm glad to see you haven't *quite* forgotten how to smile. The last twice I've seen you you might have been going to your execution. Good-bye."

"The last twice! Then you remember when——"

But she had gone.

Richard stood on the platform, looking after her.

"Gad, what a woman!" he said to himself. "She's worth working for."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

WAYS AND MEANS.

III. OF BECOMING A TERRITORIAL OFFICER.

The old idea that one has still to buy a commission either in the Regular or Territorial Army dies hard.

The fact is that not only does the officer under the new Territorial scheme not have to pay for his commission in the first instance, but he can in many corps cover his expenses with his pay.

But it is well to remember that the "exes" in one corps differ very largely from those in another.

In most Yeomanry corps, where the officers are often peers of the realm or country squires with plenty of money to spend, you will have to be prepared for a commission costing you £50 or more a year.

But you need not despair of getting into a mounted corps for this reason; in the Artillery, in the Engineers or in the Army Service Corps (where with the extra "Corps pay" earned by the so-called "working branches" of the Army, a 2nd lieutenant's pay amounts to about 15s. a day), the cost need amount to no more than £5 or £10 a year. Your horse and saddlery will cost you nothing.

Infantry corps vary in the same way, and the cost will depend chiefly on the tastes of your fellow officers.

The best plan is to write direct to the Colonel or Adjutant, unless you have already a friend in the regiment, and ask for an estimate of the cost, inquiring at the same time if there is a vacancy.

If there is one, you will then be asked to furnish references and various certificates—of date of birth, medical fitness and so on.

The officer is responsible for supplying his own uniform, and may go to an expensive or a moderate tailor as he likes. On his passing, or undertaking to pass, certain qualifications, £20 will be refunded to him by the War Office.

The uniforms required vary, of course, with the corps, but the cost of all that is necessary should rarely exceed £45 in the first instance, and by dispensing with mess kit, which is optional, this may be reduced by £8 or so.

By getting several estimates and buying sword and accoutrements second-hand, the cost can in most corps be reduced to only £10 or so above the Government allowance.

JOHN GERVAISE.

MODERN DOCTORS.

The old-fashioned doctor was fond of making his patient put out his tongue, and of looking wise and spinning out long words indicative of the trouble from which his visitor was supposed to be suffering. The modern doctor is a very different man, and a jolly good job too.

Nowadays you visit the doctor because you are not feeling in the pink of condition, and you know that you ought always to feel so. He asks you a few questions, slaps you on the back, gives you a playful tap on the ribs, chaffs you on being as fit as a fiddle, and supplies you with a bottle of some stuff which he says you really do not need, but which you had better take.

The result is that he produces in you a confidence not only in him but also in your own strength and health. You leave his consulting room feeling ten times better than when you went into it. Instead of making you feel depressed as the old-fashioned doctors did, he has bucked you up. You are already about half cured.

Good luck to modern medical men, who pay more attention to the genuine welfare of their patients than to the building up of a clientèle of the victims of imaginary diseases.

MONGRELS.

Pure-bred dogs are extremely difficult to keep in good health, for very often there is inbreeding in their pedigree, but the chief objection to a pure-bred dog is that he never has the intelligence possessed by the canine cross.

A cross-bred dog, or, to call it by its harder name, a mongrel, need not be ill-looking, provided the cross is a good and suitable one.

The great point, however, where a mongrel scores, is in his intelligence. He can knock spots off any pure-bred dog in the matter of guessing your wishes and generally understanding you.

He is hardier, smarter and much less costly than his more favoured cousin, and if you are thinking of buying a dog, you could do very much worse than let your choice rest on a mongrel.

SMITH ON DOGS.

Smith's converts to the new method of Dog Feeding are more numerous than his personal friends. Old Gulphinstone, probably one of the most pig-headed men in existence, and equally envious, surreptitiously overhearing Smith's advice, started to feed his dogs on Molassine Dog Cakes with the result that he has now got about the best dogs of anybody in his district. He whispered into my ear the other evening that the general effects of Molassine Dog and Puppy Cakes are: they keep dogs healthy; they prevent and eradicate all internal parasites and worms; they create healthy conditions in the stomach, causing the whole of the nutriment of their entire food to be digested; they keep dogs skins and coats in fine condition; owing to their antiseptic effects the excreta from dogs and puppies is not unpleasant, and he told me they can be obtained from all grocers, corn merchants, and the Molassine Co. Ltd., 3, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.

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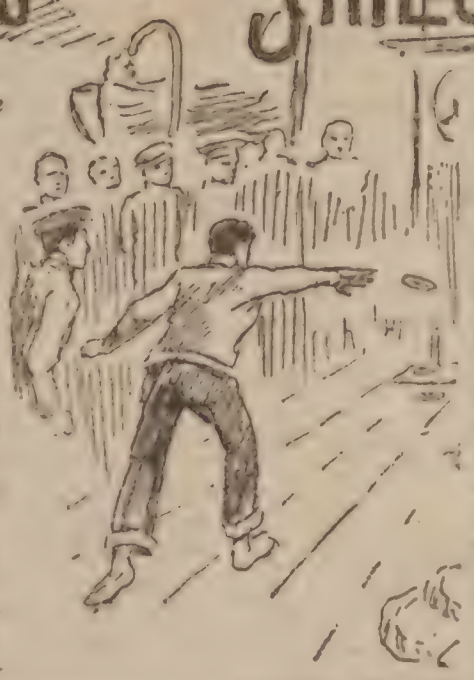
Jack's the boy for work; Jack's the boy for play.—THE GEISHA.



If we are all only children of larger growth, what shall we say theirs is—never done, he grown-up boy, every inch of him, the true "broth of a boy."

He throws himself heart and soul into any sport or fun he can get at sea, and although his work is hard and—as women say theirs is—never done, he finds plenty of amusement, and time for it.

On all ships the second "dog-watch," from six to eight of an evening, is relegated to leisure and sport, weather permitting, and most captains allow their crews every latitude, also, on Sundays—considering these days of rest, as they ought to be.

At such times the men play deck-quoits or deck-bowls or have bouts of singlestick with improvised weapons. "Cock-fighting," too, is indulged in with rare enjoyment. Don't be horrified! The cocks are not fowl, but two members of the crew, squatting on their haunches with sticks passed through the crooks of their elbows and below their knees, and their wrists tied in front with handkerchiefs.

Thus pinioned, and with their ankles and knees also tied together, they squat facing each other, and hop at and try to overthrow one another. Their grotesque attempts to do so and yet at the same time to maintain their own balance make a most laughable spectacle, and the combatants add to the fun by incessantly crowing in various comical ways.

ALBATROSS CATCHING.

Albatross shooting or trapping is also good sport. If one of these great birds settle upon the deck it cannot fly away again. The breadth of its wings prevents it being able to rise. It can only rise from the surface of the water or from one of the yards. When one does alight on deck the men will chase it round and round trying to catch it with sacks or lasso it, dodging out of its way when it turns on them. It wouldn't be safe to try and seize one with the naked hand. Its peculiarly shaped, almost scissors-like beak would be sure to inflict an ugly wound, while a blow from its wing would send a man sprawling and sweep the legs from under him.

Even when bagged, however, the sailors as a rule give the birds their liberty again about the deck, and leave them to roam about as they please, feeding them with bits of biscuit and other tit-bits and so taming them.

Measured from tip to tip their outspread wings frequently measure ten to twelve feet!

Then there is trolling astern for albicore in tropic seas, or for bonito in the Atlantic. These two fishes are the enemies of the flying fish, which perform their much-exaggerated flights or jumps through the air to escape from them. An old spoon or a piece of wood or sheet-tin, rudely fashioned and bound round with a piece of rag to look like a flying-fish, is secured to a line and towed over the stern of the ship. Two hooks set back to back on a piece of gut, strengthened with wire, are attached to the dummy flying-fish, or else a nail is driven through this. An occasional jerk is given to the line when fishing so as to add to the deception, and in a few minutes there comes a tug and the albicore or bonito is hooked.

Another favourite sport with sailors is the spearing or "striking" of dolphins and porpoises with a harpoon. These fish will play in shoals about the bow of a ship as if racing her, and the sport consists in lying out on the jib-boom or bowsprit and trying to spear them from there.

FISHING FOR SHARKS.

Shark-catching, too, is grand sport, with that spice of danger the true sportsman best likes. Sharks will follow ships for days, lured possibly by the slush the cook throws away. The crew naturally resent the monster's pursuit, and so some of them wait on the mate to borrow a hook strong enough to hold the monster. The mates, by the way, being sportsmen themselves, are as ready for the diversion as anyone.

A hook worthy of the "tiger of the seas" is got out—a perfect grapnel. It is attached to a short but stout chain. No use attaching it to a rope, of course. Overboard is slung the hook with a piece of smelly pork upon it, or, failing that, any thing messy-looking and odoriferous. A bunch of oily waste will do. There is a rush and a swirl, and then an awful commotion, the water being dashed around and lashed into foam.

The shark is hauled in by all hands, the chain straining upon the belaying pin upon which it is hitched. Up the side the savage monster is steadily dragged aboard. Writhing and twisting like an eel, he dies game. He fights furiously, desperately, for his life, and the men have to dodge the circling lash of his powerful tail and his snapping jaws, for he can snap in spite of the barb in his mouth or cheek. With axes, hand-spikes, all manner of weapons, the crew despatch him or else the mate puts a bullet through his head. M. E. SILVESTER.

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DRINKS

A FEW WARNINGS AND SOME STRAIGHT TIPS.

[I do not wish it to be supposed that I am an advocate of drinking—in fact, I think that the man who can do without alcoholic stimulants loses very little, while he saves his pocket substantially. All the same, I do not lose sight of the fact that most men drink a little, and I print this article for the benefit of the majority.—YOUR EDITOR.]

The average man likes intoxicating liquors, and, with all respect to teetotal opinion, is probably none the worse for them, provided he drinks with discretion. It is not a matter of quantity—excess in anything is bad—but of drinking with discretion, which is just what so many men do not do.

You will see a man drinking heavy ale on a broiling summer's day, which is lunacy, whereas in the depths of winter a glass of good Scotch ale or a bottle of Guinness is an excellent thing. Then the way some men mix their drinks is simply appalling. A man will mix beer, wine, and spirits in the course of an evening, and then wonder idiotically why he wakes up next morning with a tongue the size, colour, and consistency of a door-mat.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Never mix your drinks," is a sound rule which if observed will save you a lot of stomachic and nervous trouble. Of course, you may mix different kinds of malt liquor or of wine (but not spirits) with comparative impunity. Beer and stout will harmonise, and different sorts of red wine will not fight. On the other hand, white and red wines do not mix well, and port after champagne, a sequence of which our forefathers were very fond, is simply deadly. Wine and spirits, except grape-spirits, are inimical; and the man who mixes malt liquors and spirits deserves the "hair" he will probably get.

As with meat, one man's liquor is another man's poison. To the rheumatic or gouty person red wines should be taboo, whereas they may be safely recommended to the man free from rheumatic or gouty tendency, but in need of a tonic.

The man who is in heavy physical work all the week can take strong, heavy liquors with safety, but he who follows a sedentary occupation should take light stuff if he drinks at all.

SOME WINES AND THEIR USES.

Now let us glance at the merits and demerits of various drinks.

Among wines as a stimulant there is nothing like "fizz." Few men, however, would care to drink champagne regularly, even if they could afford it, and for a staple wine a good sound burgundy or claret is hard to beat. Burgundy is especially good for weakly or anæmic persons, and, not being so acid as claret, it will often agree where the latter would not.

Port has undeniable claims both as a beverage and a blood-maker, but you want to be in hard work to take it except medicinally.

The various white wines such as hock, chablis and sauterne are lighter and less gouty than the red ones, and are especially suited to hot weather.

The majority of wines are foods and blood-makers, and the excellent health of the average Frenchman (outside Paris) is accounted for by the fact that he habitually drinks good, sound wine.

But then he can get it pure and cheap, and he takes it as a between-meals drink, which is just what the Englishman is discouraged from doing. Go into the average public-house and ask for a glass of port, burgundy or claret, and you will be charged an exorbitant price for a vile article.

Spirits—well, they have a bad name, and on the whole deservedly so. No young man should drink spirits, while to the man with a liver they are poison, but to him so is alcohol in any shape or form.

Doctors, however, often recommend a little weak whisky and water to elderly patients of a rheumatic or diabetic tendency, while as a stimulant in the case of collapse or exhaustion the merits of brandy — genuine brandy, that is—are denied by only a few fanatics.

Gin, too, has its medicinal uses as a diuretic, but on many people it has a most depressing effect. It is, however, on the whole a wholesome spirit, and as a basis for long hot weather drinks it is unsurpassed.

THE VIRTUES OF RUM.

Many people turn up their noses at rum, but it is perhaps, the safest of all spirits. The trouble is that it is difficult to obtain pure in this country. The rum sold here is very different from the rum you get in Jamaica, ours being, as a rule, heavily "doctored" with inferior brandy. Pure rum, however, is a food, thanks to the carbon it contains in the form of sugar; rum and milk is an excellent thing after sea-bathing in the morning, while a stiff glass of hot rum and water will help you to shake off many a winter cold.

I once spent some time in Jamaica, and while there my native servant used to awake me every morning with a glass of "planter's punch," the recipe of which goes as follows: One of sour (fresh limes), two of sweet (sugar), three of strong (rum), four of weak (water), a delicious drink, which you can make in this country by substituting lemons for limes.

All said and done, however, beer is the Englishman's drink, and its merits need no comment, provided you don't mix it with spirits or wines.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S DRINK.

Beer is a food, but stout is even more so, and, although the latter looks the heavier of the two, it is really the more digestible, in proof of which is the fact that ladies nursing a child derive great benefit from stout, especially the brands particularly prepared for their use.

Many men object to bottled ales and stout because they are so "gassy," but that defect is easily remedied by putting a lump of sugar in the glass.

It has been truly said that there is a vast fortune awaiting the man who invents a really palatable teetotal drink. Probably that fortune will never be claimed, for, at present anyhow, a glass of fresh water beats all the non-intoxicating beverages on the market.

But among minerals I can strongly recommend "tonic water," which although comparatively unknown in this country has a great sale in India and other tropical regions. It has a quinine basis which gives it a sharp, piquant taste. It combines especially well with gin. In hot weather stout and tonic mixed is a first-rate drink, not only refreshing, but sustaining, without being too "heady" or heavy.

The question of what a man should drink depends not only upon his constitution, but on his occupation, his habits, the time of year, and also to a great extent on the climate of the part of the world he lives in.

If men would drink not only in moderation, but with discretion, avoiding mixtures that won't mix, unsuitable drinks, as for example, liqueur brandies on a hot day, and those liquids that do not suit their constitutional tendencies, we should hear far less about the evils of drink.

C. MARSHALL.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

I. THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

The "14th (County of London) Battalion, The London Regiment," is what they are really, but to the world at large the one kilted corps South of the Tweed is known just as the London Scottish; to its members and the many ex-members of its ranks who now pass on its lessons as officers in other corps, or whom advancing years have forced to resign, it is simply "the Scottish."

The battalion, which speedily earned for itself a place among the crack corps of London, was formed as a result of a meeting of Scotchmen held on the 4th of July, 1859, and by November, 1860, it consisted of ten companies, though the number was subsequently reduced to eight, which remains the normal establishment of a battalion.

Membership is restricted to Scotchmen by birth or descent, and the corps is Scotch to the backbone; on the occasion of a great review or manœuvres a detachment, if not the whole body, will undertake the long journey to the North that the corps may be represented.

Amongst its earlier commanding officers the corps numbers Field-Marshal Lord Clyde and the present Earl of Wemyss, better known as Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Elcho respectively, and it is commanded to-day by Colonel J. W. Greig, V.D., its Honorary Colonel being the Duke of Argyll.

The London Scottish had the honour of being one of the first London corps to reach its full establishment, and now it is in the pleasant position of being able to put up its standard of height in order to keep recruits out!

Its full strength is 33 officers and 832 men, and every vacancy as it arises is early snapped up, for there is a large queue waiting outside the doors in the hope of getting a chance of serving their country in a kilt.

And it is small wonder there is a run on the corps, for apart from the fact that its members socially are the best of fellows, the Headquarters at 59, Buckingham Gate, which cost something like £25,000 to build, provide a club which many of the newer battalions look upon with eyes of envy.

Gymnasium, reading, recreation and dressing-rooms are to be found here, in addition to the more essentially military necessities, of which many corps are still in need—drill-hall, orderly-rooms, armoury and Morris Tube range.

But, perhaps, it is the uniform that is one of the greatest attractions—the grey jacket and kilt with blue facings, grey stockings and white gaiters. Originally only one company wore the kilt, but it was not long before it was extended to the whole battalion.

The regiment has its own band of pipers, and celebrates Halloween with due ceremony and a haggis. It has also its own journal—the "London Scottish Regimental Gazette"—which has a circulation running well into four figures among present and past members of the corps.

The "Scottish" were well to the fore among those Volunteers which sent men to the South African War, and they bear on their badge, besides the motto, "Strike Sure," the words, "South Africa, 1900-02." In the centre of the badge is the lion of Scotland upon a St. Andrew's cross.

They originally formed the 15th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps, and subsequently became the 7th Middlesex V.R.C. Under the new Territorial Force regulations they have become the 14th Battalion London Regiment, but they still continue to form part of the old "Grey Brigade"—the 4th London Brigade, of which the other three battalions are the Queen's Westminsters (16th Bn.), the Prince of Wales' Own, Civil Service Rifles (15th Bn.), and the Kensington Rifles (13th Bn.).

D. MACGREGOR.

[An article on the Queen's Westminsters will appear next week.—ED.]

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

ART AND CLOTHES.

The unfortunate exhibitors and hanging committee at the Royal Academy have every year to submit to a running fire of criticism from the tailoring trade papers.

The "art critics" of these journals drop vigorously on the luckless artists if a seam is not shown, or a buttonhole is omitted.

It seems to me to betray a somewhat distorted view of art when such details are insisted on, and no mention whatever made of any merits which the painting of the face or the composition of the portrait may have, but that is outside my province.

I should be the last to deprecate a careful attention to details of dress, for I consider it every man's duty to society to look his best, but some people seem to regard dress as the end of all things.

The failing is more common among women than among men, but even in a trade paper such as the *Tailor and Cutter* I fail to see that a writer is justified in saying "Our readers will probably ask, in view of the many sartorial shortcomings of the paintings, is it worth while going to the Academy?"

The answer given is an emphatic "Yes," not because there are pictures there—oh, no!—but because there is a "constantly changing panorama of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen."

GETTING NEW IDEAS.

There is something in this, and the man who wants new ideas for his attire, or desires to know exactly the prevailing fashion, cannot do better than to visit the Academy during the London season, and when he is tired of looking at pictures he may sit on a lounge and study some of the best dressed men in London. Let him be careful, however, not to take the average artist for his model.

To quote once more the "art-critic" of the *Tailor and Cutter*, "The Academy is situated in Piccadilly, close to the Burlington Arcade, and the charge for admission is one shilling."

Again, much may be learnt by sitting on a seat in one of the London Parks on a Sunday morning during "Church Parade," and watching the stream of well-dressed people as they pass.

FANCY VEST BUTTONS.

I like fancy vests because they brighten up the general dulness of masculine attire, but you don't want them to brighten it so much that it seems to glow.

Your good taste generally keeps you right in the matter of colours for fancy vests, but too often the tailor misleads you in regard to the buttons, and persuades you to take what he has handy, no matter whether they are vulgar or becoming.

The other day I was shown quite a smart wheeze in the matter of fancy vest buttons. The vest was a washing one of linen and the buttons, instead of being of the usual mother-of-pearl, were covered with the same material as the vest itself.

It was a striped vest, the stripes running up and down, but those on the buttons had been carefully arranged so that they went across.

The effect was very pleasing, and I commend it to those readers who like the fancy vest but who consider that bright buttons are a bit too fancy and conspicuous.

READY-MADE CLOTHES.

There is a general prejudice amongst men who are at all particular about their dress against the wearing of ready-made suits, but in my opinion this is greatly exaggerated.

For the man who can afford to pay what he likes for his clothes there is, of course, no question, unless he is in a violent hurry, of his going to a "ready-made" tailor; I do not pretend that that worthy can fit you as well as the smart West-End cutter.

But if economy is a consideration, and if you have no peculiarities of figure, it is worth while considering whether you will not get your suit ready-made.

Suits are now made in such a large variety of sizes that the large majority of men, instead of, as recently, the lucky few, are of "stock sizes."

The sizes of ready-made clothes are now being standardised throughout the trade, and if you have once been fitted with a ready-made suit, you can save time and trouble by merely giving the measurements to a tailor wherever you are.

It is not always possible to get a heavy winter suit which will give satisfaction, without having it cut to measure, but with thin summer suits, and especially flannel ones, the difficulty is overcome, since they will quickly adapt themselves to the figure.

If there should be any details in which the cut or fit do not quite please you, the tailor is usually able and willing to alter them to suit your requirements.

One of the great advantages of buying your suit ready-made is that you can judge how the stuff looks when made up, for the average man's imagination usually falls lamentably short in this respect.

THE REDEEMING FEATURE.

To be well-dressed you want a redeeming feature—something to redeem you from looking too much as if you were newly turned out from the hands of the tailor and something to show that your last visit to him has not been so very long ago.

The other day I met a young man dressed in sporting togs, and his costume may well be taken as illustrating what I mean.

His riding breeches were of Bedford cord, and the ridges of the creases were extremely dirty from contact with the saddle; they were not strapped and the inside of the left knee had been cut rather badly. These breeches were well made and fitted him exactly, but their condition was by no means all that could be desired.

And yet he was not badly dressed.

His jacket and cap were new, and so were his gaiters and boots. They were the features that redeemed his outfit from looking shabby, and the breeches were the feature that prevented him from looking foppish.

There is an old rhyme in connection with the outfit of a bride; I do not remember it except that it begins with "something old, something new," and I think that the idea expressed therein might well be borne in mind by the man who wants to turn himself out to the best effect.

BOOT BUTTONS.

If you are a city man and are in the habit of wearing buttoned boots, you must have found trouble at some time or another with the buttons coming off.

To guard against this, keep a few buttons in some handy place in your bedroom; you can get a whole lot for a penny, and they are so made that they need not be sewn on, but can be fixed by simply pressing them through and bending down the contrivance at the back.

I do not say that they look quite so neat as the buttons that are sewn on, but they are very useful to the bachelor. To have a few in store is like being supplied with those extra collar studs that I have so often recommended. They save you a great deal of worry and a little bad language.

BOOT ORNAMENTATIONS.

I have already dealt with boots with fancy tops of the doeskin order, but that does not by a long chalk exhaust the possibilities of boot ornamentations.

There is one sort of boot that you can buy where the uppers seem to be plaited. Sometimes they are genuinely plaited, but more frequently the leather is merely stamped. To the man who likes fancy footgear these boots have something to recommend them. For my own part I must confess to a liking for more masculine styles.

I have already dealt with the many claims of the brogue shoe with all its punchings, but I have not mentioned pointed toe-caps.

On glacé kid boots, or others that are to be worn with what one might call full dress, a pointed toe-cap has a wonderful effect in breaking up the line of the foot and making it seem smaller.

I do not mean that the toe of the boot should be more pointed than usual, but the edge of the toe-cap, instead of running straight across, runs back to the lacing in a point at the centre of the toe.

Many of the lighter makes of boots are now made with punched ornamentation down the uppers alongside the holes for the laces, and here also the effect is very good for a dressy boot.

A BOOT LACING MATTER.

Should a man, or shouldn't he, take this boot-lace round the ankle of his boot before he finally ties the knot?

For my own part I think he should, for this gives a feeling of firmness to the ankle which it would not otherwise have; and, besides, the very fact that the lace goes round the ankle before being tied helps to relieve the knot of some pressure and there is less likelihood of its working loose.

There is one caution, however, and that is that on no account should you miss putting the lace through the top holes or under the boot hooks of your boots.

You will see many men who wear their boots laces round their ankles, without properly fixing the last hooks or holes. The boot will keep securely fastened in spite of this neglect, but it is one of those little things that look untidy, and tidiness is the first necessity if you would be thought well-dressed.

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not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

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All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Morning Coat and Vest.—Black; good; 38in. chest, 5ft. 10in.; cost 45s.; sell 12s. 6d.—Box 400, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Two Smart Tweed Suits.—Dark and grey; breast 35, leg 31½; excellent condition; 18s. each.—Rodway, 18, Bristol Street, Birmingham.

Motor Suit.—Good-looking three-quarter coat; lined heavy Jaeger; fur collar; trousers to match.—Particulars, Box 401, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Norfolk Coat; dark; chest 38in., sleeve 25in.—Box 402, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

2 dozen Double Collars.—Size 15½; in good condition; 2s.; Black and White Check Suit; 36 chest; 7s. Also Brown Suit; 36 chest; 9s. 6d.—Box 422, "The Modern Man" 67, Long Acre, London.

Light Grey Walking Suit.—Norfolk pattern; 38in. and 5ft. 7in.; will exchange for good, light rainproof overcoat; dark preferred.—Box 423, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Pair White Cord Riding Breeches.—Nearly new; will take 25s.; worth double.—Box 424, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Boots.—Pair Lady's Tan Shoes; the Burlington; size fives; military heels; 3 fancy bars; worn twice; 5s. 6d.—Box 425, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

3 pairs Ladies' Tan Kid Gloves.—Six-and-three-quarters; not worn; cost 9s.; accept 5s.—Box 426, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Waterproofs.—Gentleman's green shade rainproof Chesterfield overcoat; length 41in., chest 36in; good condition; 14s.; cost 50s.—Box 427, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Morning Suit, Grey Tweed; good condition; 12s. 6d.; chest 36in.; waist 29in.; inside leg 33in.—Box 428, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fancy Vest.—White with black stripes; 36 chest; 2s. 6d.—Box 429, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Whiteley Exerciser and Accessories.—Nearly new; take 7s.—Apply, C. Morle, 150, Finchley Road, London.

Rifle.—Powerful and accurate; fires No. 1 bulleted breech caps; suit anyone in country; cost 18s. 6d.; take 10s.—C. Morle, 150, Finchley Road, London.

Wanted.—Good pair Ball-bearing Skates; perfect condition; state size, maker, original price; cheap.—Box 403, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Canadian Rib Canoe.—Splendid condition; with adjustable steel rowlocks for sculling; sails, cushions, seats, etc., complete; £8 10s.—Box 444, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Punt.—Double; mahogany; with cushions, 2 poles, etc.; £6 cash; lying Hampton Court.—Box 445, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Punching Ball.—Nearly new, with all necessary fittings and pair of Gloves to use with same; sell 12s. cash; cost double; a genuine bargain.—Box 446, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—To hire immediately, for 6 or 9 months, Pullman Living Wagon, road or rail; must be in good condition, and price reasonable.—Box 447, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Good, sound, second-hand Cricket Net, for practice.—Reply, stating size and condition, to Box 448, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

To Territorials.—Rifle, B.S.A.; new barrel; cost £8 8s., sell £4 4s.; rare bargain.—J. Shelley, 21, Walmsley Street, Stalybridge.

Wanted.—American Punch Ball and accessories; must be cheap and in good condition.—Box 454, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Revolver.—320; 5 chambers; only been used twice; few cartridges; cost 18s.; offers or exchange.—Box 455, "The Modern Man" 67, Long Acre, London.

Edison Bell Gem Phonograph.—Perfect machine; 24 records; good condition; 42s.—Box 451, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Exchange Edison Gem Phonograph, 60 records, double barrel breech-loader, 40 rounds ammunition, for gentleman's good bicycle.—Box 452, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Bargain.—3½ h.p. Motor Cycle; long bars, low seat, spring fork, stand, and accessories; perfect order; scarcely used; £14.—Box 439, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Hewitt Patent Banjo.—In case; perfect condition; cost 6gs.; exchange for first-class English concertina, or sell.—Box 440, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Music for military band; also for full string orchestra; must be cheap and in perfect condition.—Box 441, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Sale.—Five-stringed Zither Banjo; good tone; including good case; nearly new. Tutor; several copies music; bargain, 28s., or consider exchange for lathe parts.—Box 406, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Trombones.—Trombone case wanted; leather; in good order; must be cheap; for tenor trombone.—Box 416, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Sheepdogs.—Typical Old English Sheepdog; pedigree; blue and white; bobtail; 8 months; offers.—Box 430, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Pedigree Black Cockers.—Dog and bitch; grand heads and flat coats; 10 months old; must sell; cheap.—Coachman, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Massive Bull Terrier Dog.—10 months; determined guard; 30s.—Box 432, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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25 Egg Incubator.—With Rearer; also Wire Run (Spratt's Patent); all in perfect working order; 25s. the lot to clear.—Box 407, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Nearly new 50 Egg Incubator.—Grand hatcher.—Box 409, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Encyclopædia Britannica.—Ninth edition; 35 vols; including new volumes, maps, and index; in revolving book-case.—Box 435, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Encyclopædia Britannica; latest issue; 36 strongly bound handsome vols., in excellent condition.—Box 437, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 442, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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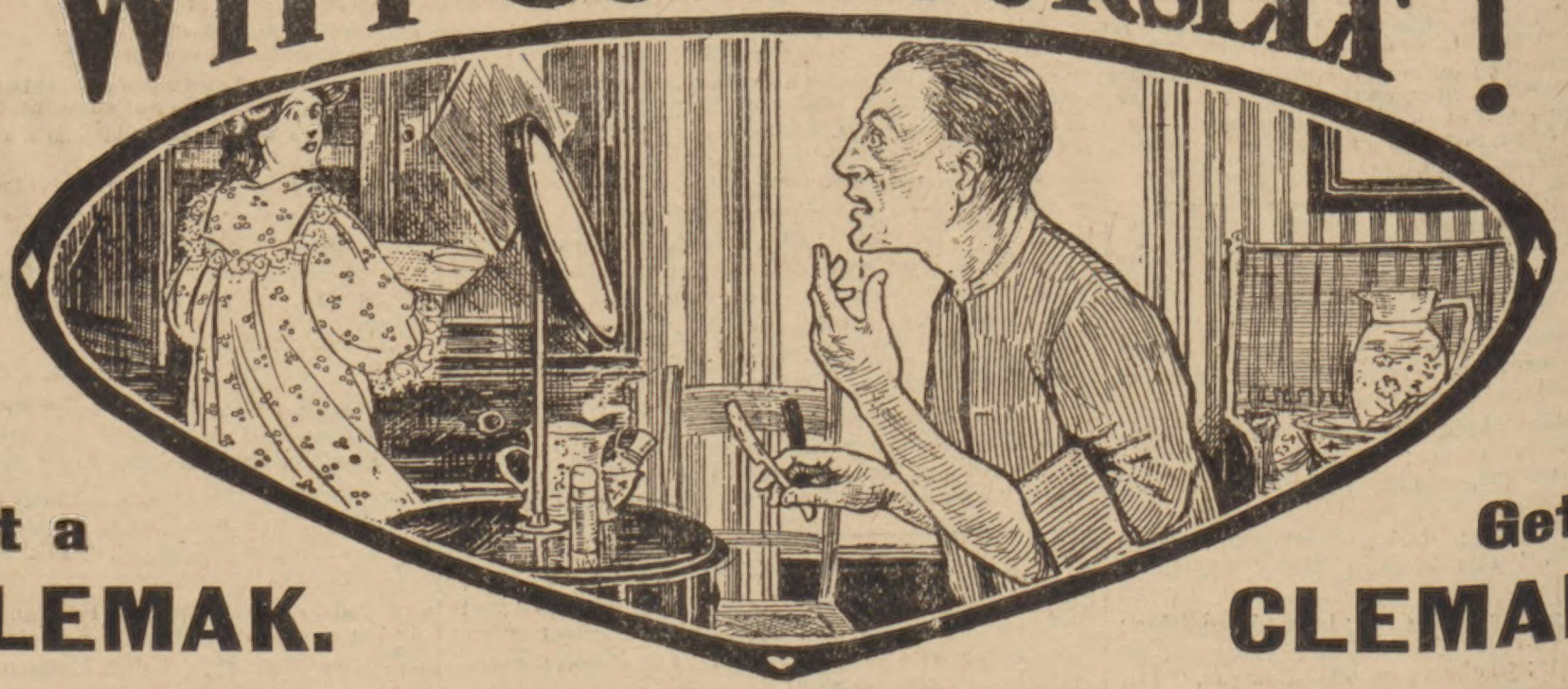

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